THE WESTERN VIEW OF THE SILVER QUESTION. By Senator Wolcott, of Colorado. In this Number.
Reply by Congressman John De Witt Warner, of New York, in the next Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1901.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1893.

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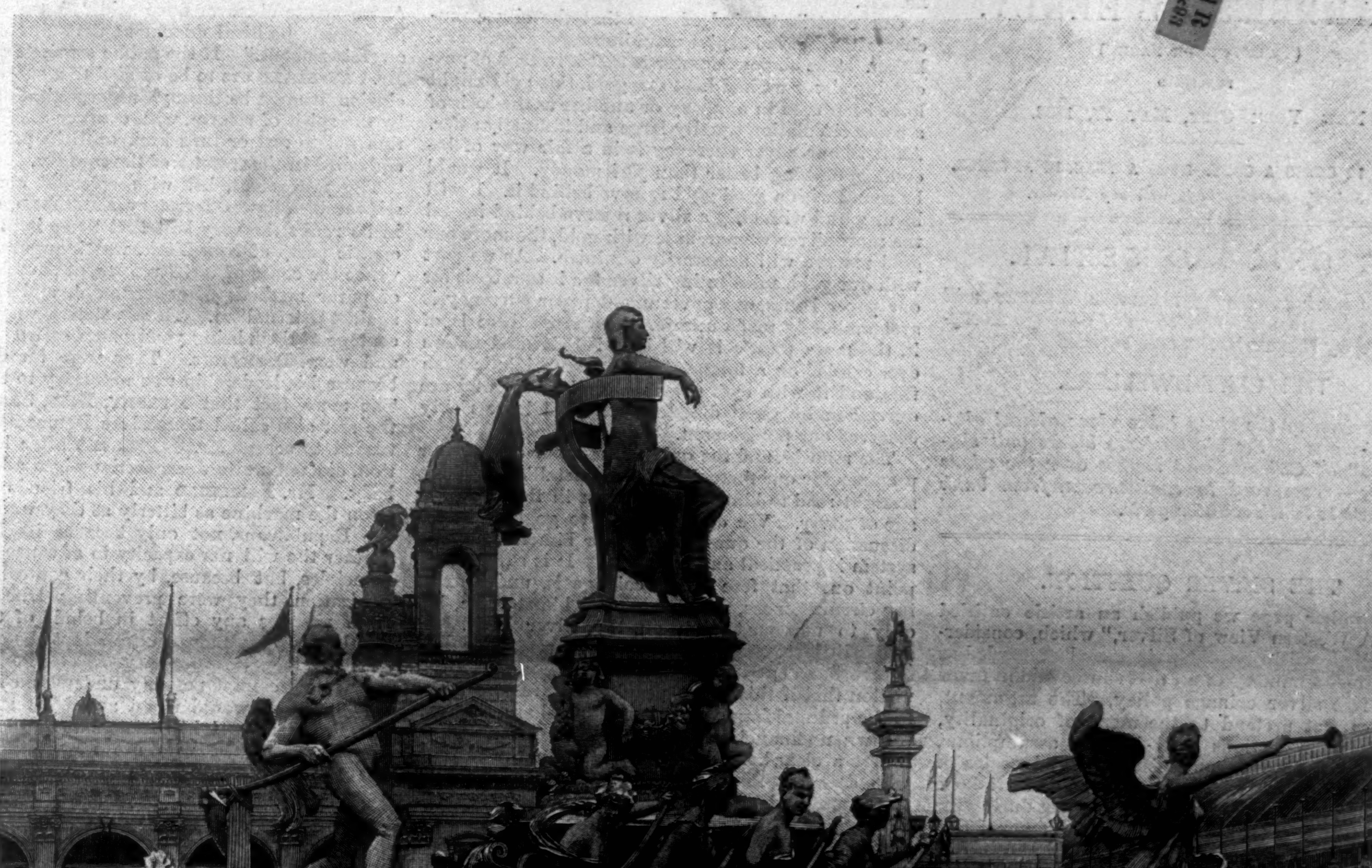

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE MACMONNIES FOUNTAIN IN THE GRAND COURT.—From a Photograph by Arnold.—[See Page 499.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 27, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

A CHICAGO SERIAL.

In the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will begin an illustrated serial story of Chicago Everyday Life, by* HENRY B. FULLER, *entitled*

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

The action of the story takes place almost altogether in one of the big business blocks or "sky-scrapers" of Chicago, and ranges over the whole building—from roof to engine-room, from bank presidents to lunch-counter girls.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

On another page we publish an article entitled "A Western View of Silver," which, considering its distinguished authorship, may be regarded as containing a summary of all that can be said in favor of the free silver coinage policy. The argument, which cannot pretend to the merit of originality, proceeds upon various well-known assumptions, which, for their own convenience, the advocates of free coinage take for granted. The fundamental one of them is that "the general fall of values during the past twenty years is attributable to the appreciation in the value of gold, owing to its limited and insufficient supply, and followed the general demonetization of silver by some countries and the closing of the mints of other countries to the further coinage of silver." This would be important if it were true. But every well-informed and unprejudiced person knows that it is not true. There has been no such "general fall of values during the past twenty years" owing to such causes. A good many commodities have indeed become cheaper—mostly those the production of which has been cheapened, not by the scarcity of gold or the demonetization of silver, but by recent inventions, discoveries, and new mechanical contrivances, rendering production less costly; in other words, by the progress of civilization. And this cheapening process produced its effect before the demonetization of silver just as well as after it. There are other commodities which are sometimes cheaper and sometimes dearer than they were twenty years ago, according to the changing general or local conditions of demand and supply. And there are still other commodities which since the demonetization of silver have steadily and considerably advanced in price—among them the very important commodity of human labor in almost every form and degree, physical and mental. Nor can it be said that when the price paid for human labor rises while the prices of most of the necessaries of life decline, the result will be, as our author asserts, "vast suffering and impoverishment the world over." The logical outcome would rather seem to be the opposite.

Another assumption is that we in the United States have "suffered less than other countries because of the additional circulation which silver purchases have afforded us"; that, in fact, since the passage of the silver purchase law "we have prospered greatly in comparison with other countries," and that "its repeal would mean further financial embarrassment"; indeed, it "would work incalculable injury to the people of the United States." It is difficult to listen with patience to assertions like these at a moment when the business community is staggered by a distrust which in greatest part has been brought about by the danger of our being pushed upon a silver basis by these very silver purchases, and when the speedy repeal of the silver purchase law is recognized by every sensible business man as the first prerequisite of a restoration of confidence. What we have been and are doing under the silver purchase law is to buy fifty-four million ounces of silver a year, issuing therefor Treasury notes. The value of these Treasury notes rests upon their being redeemable in gold. If they were regarded as redeemable not in gold but in silver, they would instantly depreciate. We therefore, in order to purchase silver, burden ourselves with a gold debt, and as this is a debt on demand, and our stock of gold is drawn upon whenever any of it is presented for payment, and Treasury notes are also constantly paid into the Treasury for government dues instead of gold, we may say that we are substantially parting with our gold for the purpose of buying silver; we surrender the world's money for what is not the world's money, and what we cannot sell again without an incalculable loss. For, as everybody knows, if we offered our accumulation of silver for sale, the bottom would drop out of the market.

Our contributor indeed says that the silver purchases have served to give us an increased paper circulation. The obvious answer is that if instead of purchasing silver we had kept our gold, this gold might have been used in one way or another as the basis of a paper circulation equally large and infinitely safer. As it is, our paper currency is in a fair way of becoming nothing better than *fiat* money. It would be sound with a good gold reserve behind it. It will be unsound with only a silver reserve behind it, and the more silver we purchase with gold, the more our gold reserve will necessarily diminish. As we part with our gold, substituting silver for it as a basis for our paper issues, our government paper currency is systematically made unsafe. The more there is of it, the more unsafe it will be. No civilized nation ever carried on a financial policy more idiotic than this, and if with eyes open we persist in it, and are overtaken by great disasters, we shall have richly deserved our punishment.

The remedy, and the only remedy, our contributor proposes for our financial ills is bimetallism, and the straight road to bimetallism he sees in the free coinage of silver. We do not mean to go here into a discussion of the question whether bimetallism as a system is practical and beneficial. It is sufficient to point out that free silver coinage is, under existing circumstances, not the road to bimetallism, but only to monometallism on the silver basis. It avails little to resort to high-flown metaphor, and say, as our contributor does, "we cherish the conviction that if this great people shall restore silver to the pedestal from which it was treacherously overthrown, no financial disturbance will follow." There is not a clear-headed business man in the country who does not know that the restoration of silver to the pedestal by means of a free coinage law will accomplish in a moment what the silver purchase act has been slowly preparing. Gold will instantly go to a premium. There will be a rush for the gold reserve in the Treasury, forcing the government to suspend gold payments. Gold will, as a matter of course, at once disappear from circulation. There will, in consequence, be a sudden and violent contraction of the currency, not only because there will be less in point of volume, but that which remains will be less in point of purchasing power than it was when held up to the gold standard. That values will presently adjust themselves to the silver basis is true. But the losses and disasters and sacrifices which the confusion inseparable from a sweeping change in the standard of values always brings with it are incalculable. As always they will fall most heavily upon persons of small means, the laboring-man, the farmer—not to speak of the savings-bank depositor and the pensioner—who have neither the knowledge nor the opportunity to take advantage of changing circumstances. This crisis will be a sad time for the good people who have been deluded into the belief that free coinage means "more money," and that "more money" means that government agents go around the country with big bags of silver dollars to put some of them into the pockets of all who need them. And after a time of disastrous disturbance and distrust, the American people, ashamed of their folly, will painfully work their way back to a policy which will put their monetary system once more in accord with the great commerce of the civilized world.

THE WAR ON MR. CLEVELAND IN NEW YORK.

THE Democratic machine in New York is evidently determined to maintain its attitude of hostility towards the President. It is perfectly natural and logical that it should do this. If any one really expected the harmony which was predicted in some interested quarters, he must be singularly blind to the characteristics of both Mr. CLEVELAND and the machine leaders. As the WEEKLY pointed out several months ago, harmony between the two is impossible, for the condition of its existence would be a revolution in human character.

Mr. CLEVELAND can no more adopt the habitual political immoralities of MURPHY, SHEEHAN, and CROKER than they can understand the wisdom of honest and sincere devotion to the public good. There was and is only one reason for desiring harmony that could have moved Mr. CLEVELAND and his friends, and that was the desire to maintain Democratic ascendency in the nation and in the State. But Democratic ascendency means nothing to these men if it does not involve the triumph of principles, while it is meaningless to the machine if it does not involve the distribution of the spoils among the "boys." Mr. CLEVELAND understands—no one better—that if the Democratic party is left to the control of the machine, the principles which are represented and advocated by himself and his friends will be defeated, no matter which party is triumphant at the polls. MURPHY and SHEEHAN know and care nothing about principles. Discussions of the tariff, the currency problem, foreign and domestic policies, or of civil service reform have no interest for them. As an astute observer once said, "A two-dollar bill is the only political document that MURPHY knows anything about." If the public service and work of Mr. CLEVELAND are to be carried to a successful conclusion, it must be through an organization inspired by the spirit of reform, with courage and determination not to rest or turn back until its principles are embodied in the statutes of the country.

The movement, led with splendid courage and self-sacrifice by ex-Secretary FAIRCHILD, embracing in its ranks the very best that there is in the Democratic party of New York, was inaugurated to advance the cause of tariff reform, of sound currency, of purer methods of government, and the conflict against paternalism. These voters, a very large percentage of them being young men, called themselves, and were, Democrats. They were for CLEVELAND because his leadership was necessary to their cause. The mere fact that MURPHY, HILL, SHEEHAN, and the rest also called themselves Democrats, and pretended to accept Mr. CLEVELAND after his nomination, did not unite these factions into a harmonious body. Mr. FAIRCHILD and his friends made war upon the machine as bitterly as they warred against the Republicans, not only because its leaders had neither the will nor capacity to advance Democratic principles, but because, by their control of the organization, they were preventing true Democrats from making any effort in behalf of their cause. As the machine men cannot adopt the cause which triumphed in Mr. CLEVELAND'S election, simply because they cannot possibly understand it, it follows that harmony would mean an abject surrender by the President and his friends to the ignorant and corrupt spoilsmen who are now disgracing their party and the State whose government they unfortunately control.

The machine understands the situation thoroughly. Mr. HILL and Mr. SHEEHAN are in open revolt against the President. Mr. MURPHY and Mr. CROKER are making pretences of friendliness while they are conniving at war. Mr. HILL recently challenged the President by demanding to know who had "endorsed" four New York postmasters whom Mr. CLEVELAND had had the temerity to appoint without consulting him. Following the fashion set by Republican Senators eight years ago, he called for papers that the Executive Department of the government has always considered confidential. His purpose was to compel the recognition of the machine as the source of appointments. The obedient county organizations at once sent word to the appointees that they had better ask for the committee's "endorsement" if they wanted to be confirmed. HILL was defeated, but his war was begun.

Mr. SHEEHAN undertook to strengthen the hold of the machine by securing the enactment of changes in the charters of the smaller cities in the State. He was frustrated in his attempt, except in Buffalo, by the stand taken by a few Democratic Senators. The amendment which deprived the Mayor of Buffalo of part of his authority was passed through trickery. SHEEHAN'S conduct has been aptly termed "sneak-thief legislation."

Every bit of State and local patronage that can be controlled by the conspirators is turned into a weapon of offence against the President and his friends. The Governor is the tool of the machine. He is charged with transforming the Forestry Commission into a political machine—with turning out CLEVELAND men to make way for MURPHY men. He has revived the useless office of wine-inspector to make a place for a machine man. The State prisons are under the management of MURPHY men, and the Auburn prison was used as a bribe to win over an active politician who had been a friend of Mr. CLEVELAND, and whose power and influence were very great in his county. The Niagara Democratic County Committee met not long ago to decide upon the men who should be employed on the canal. The patronage had been turned over to it because it was loyal. Its members demanded the removal of

every CLEVELAND man, and the appointment of none but machine men.

These are illustrations of the kind of warfare that the machine is waging against the President and his friends, and for its own preservation. Notwithstanding their professions of friendship, no intelligent person doubts that Senator MURPHY and Mr. CROKER are supporting Mr. SHEEHAN and are countenancing Mr. HILL. Mr. MURPHY has as absolute control of the State organization as Mr. CROKER has of Tammany Hall. The two cannot accomplish what they desire except together, and as either one might put an end to the war by a simple word of command, they must be held responsible for all that is done. The machine in all this is doing its utmost to keep out of power those Democrats who believe in the establishment of principles instead of the distribution of spoils as the object of political effort. If the FAIRCHILDS and CLEVELANDS triumph, they can only be of the rank and file, or, perhaps, merely the camp-followers. Thus far the struggle is one-sided. The virtue and intellect of the Democratic party in New York have not yet shown that they have the power of continuous organized opposition to vice and folly. What standing they have is the result of desultory fighting in some of the counties, and of the suicidal recklessness of Mr. SHEEHAN.

REACTIONS OF LETHARGY.

IN his latest story in HARPER'S WEEKLY Dr. CONAN DOYLE refers anew to those familiar "reactions of lethargy" which were wont to follow the "outbursts of passionate energy" whereby his friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes accomplished the remarkable feats with which his name is associated. The human heart, which loathes continuous toil with a righteous aversion, goes out enthusiastically to the idea of "reactions of lethargy" as a necessary condition of the best work. A contribution to one of the May magazines which embodied this idea was fondly scissored and quoted in the contemporary press. It extolled the value of loafing, pointing out that the beast of prey does not spend his whole time day after day in "pottering around the forest in a routine manner," but goes off occasionally on a vigorous hunt, gorges himself on the proceeds, and then lies down to repose and meditation. So prize-fighters husband their resources between "events"; and very eminent brain-workers spend their summers in Europe, like Dr. DEPEW, or go duck-shooting, like ex-President HARRISON, or enjoy protracted seasons of fresh air and contemplation at the butt end of a fishing-rod, like DANIEL WEBSTER and Governor RUSSELL and President CLEVELAND.

Plenty of writers patronize this method of work. Mr. MARION CRAWFORD has said that his way is to toil terribly until he finishes the job in hand, and then to lie comparatively idle while the scheme of some new achievement is simmering in his brain. The prevailing impression is that Mr. KIPLING works that way also, and Mr. STEVENSON is understood to hit off some of his most unapproachable performances by smiting the iron without intermission as long as it continues hot. So LOWELL wrote "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and so Dr. JOHNSON turned out *Rasselas*.

On the other hand, the busy bee improves *each* shining hour, only laying off in wet weather. It hibernates all winter, though, and hibernation is a sort of lethargy; and, anyhow, the bee can hardly be called a brain-worker, and is fitter to be compared to a mill hand or a laborer than to a writer. But Mr. HOWELLS, who *is* a brain-worker, clings to the maxim about *nulla dies sine linea*, and Mr. JAMES's admirable stories give the impression of being wrought out by persistent painstaking rather than evolved from passions of toil.

Drudgery is vile. Every properly constituted person admits that, and the system of short spells of toil and long intermissions of repose, in so far as it annihilates drudgery, is a system that deserves all the popularity it enjoys. The fault with it lies in those short periods of toil. Some poor creatures who have to work find it so intolerably hard to get back to labor after a long spell of loafing that they would rather work a little every day than undergo the pain of forming new habits of application every time they have anything serious to do. Such persons complain that the shadow of the approaching curse darkens all the interval of what should be careless sunshine. They prefer to strain their fate to their bosoms by a continuous hug, thinking by that method to squeeze some of the life out of it, and make it easier to wrestle with. They complain that it is almost as hard to stop working as it is to begin again; that they feel lost and bored for a while without their daily task, and find it a hardship to devise occupation, and that by the time they have brought themselves into fit condition to join the leisure class their money is all gone, and it is time for them to begin work again. It may be said that such persons are defective, and their shortcomings should not avail to bring down adverse judgment on a system that is intrinsically good. Still, a system to which exception is taken by wholesale may require amendment.

A reasonable conclusion is that where the "reactions of lethargy" plan does not seem to work, its failure is due to imperfect application. When it comes so very hard to go to work again it should be inferred that the reaction has not continued long enough. That seems to be better understood in India. The author of *From Adam's Peak to Elephantis* explains that when the brooding Asiatic becomes sensible that he needs a reaction of lethargy he settles up his mundane affairs, and gives himself up to contemplation and the acquisition of the higher wisdom, without thought or intention of coming back to active life. His relatives respect his sentiments. If he has a family, provision is made for it, and his mind is relieved of care. Then he goes diligently about his new business, one of the first requirements of which is to learn not to think. It sometimes takes years to accomplish this preliminary step, but, once gained, it is of vast consequence, since, once a man is able to think or not as he wills, earthly considerations lose their grip on him, and he becomes a true autocrat of his environment.

Whether or not these retired Hindoos contemplate the possibility of an eventual accession of practical energy the curious reader may ascertain for himself. For our Occidental uses it would seem to be enough that would-be cultivators of leisure who chafe under the limitations of their intervals should simply agree that the period of their life on earth is not too great for the accumulation of energy to be spent in vast achievement in some future state. If they can conscientiously begin to work again before they die, so much the better. They get a surer thing that way. But if not, at least they will be able to set a fine example of tranquillity and repose, so that their laborious fellows may find refreshment for their jaded spirits in the sight of them.

THE TAXATION OF BICYCLES.

WE understand that the assessors of Lowell, in Massachusetts, and of Paris, in France, are about to levy a tax on bicycles. Just why the assessors in two such different communities as Lowell and Paris should have arrived at a determination to put a special tax on bicycles at the same time we do not know, but we are ready to protest against the action no matter what may be the reason that led to it. If the proposed tax be on account of the fact that some unskilful and some selfish and reckless wheelmen make the roads unsafe for riders, drivers, and walkers, then the tax would be most unfair, indeed, for it would not bear evenly upon those who would have to pay it. The great majority of wheelmen are careful, considerate, and courteous, and live up to the rule of the road both in letter and in spirit. They should not be made to suffer because a few men are careless. The better plan would be to suppress the offenders by suitable punishment—a punishment that suits the crime.

If, however, the assessors in Lowell and in Paris mean to put a tax on bicycles merely because bicycles are property, and if they mean also to tax all other kinds of property whatsoever, then the proposition is another matter, and we are by no means sure that it should not be advocated instead of protested against. But it is not at all likely that in either place the taxation laws are so rational as to tax all property so that the burden should rest equally on everything. When that time comes, Utopia will have arrived also. Under present circumstances bicycles are not more suitable for special taxation than the tools of a man's trade, the books in his library, or, indeed, the shoes on his feet. The larger number of bicycles, no doubt, are used purely for pleasure and for exercise, but there are a very great many used by working-men—mechanics, clerks, lawyers, doctors, and merchants—to take them to and from their places of business. That is not the case to a considerable extent in great and populous cities where the streets are crowded with traffic, but in other places where the roads are suitable the bicycle is in very general use. It is probably in more general use as a means of transportation apart from pleasure in Washington than anywhere else. It has been stated that a wheelman can do six miles over a good road with as little effort as would be required to walk one mile. If this be true, then with a bicycle almost any man, however hard his work or long his hours, could actually live in the country—that is, he might live in the country if there were a good road between his home and his place of business. The miles of good roads in this country are not yet enough to give rise to the fear that everybody will move out of town, so as to ride to business on bicycles. But if this mileage of good roads is greatly increased in the near future, and we hope and believe that it will be, we shall owe a deep debt of gratitude to the bicycle-riders of the country. It was the wheelmen who started the present movement for better roads; they have been the most zealous road inspectors we have ever had, and the awakening sense of the people to the importance of improved highways has been mainly their work. So we think that the tax assessors had better let the bicycle-riders alone for the present at least, for the wheelmen still have much work of public importance before them.

THINGS TALKED OF

DURING the recent wild times in Wall Street there was one industry that was not depressed, but was carried on with immense activity and large profits to those who "got in on the ground-floor." This was the manufacture and distribution of disquieting rumors. The product is a staple one in that region, but in ordinary times the supply exceeds the demand, and the business is continued with slight gains and often at a loss. But when what the Street pleases to call its mind is excited, the demand increases greatly, and the rumor-mongers make "big money." An accident to a large house last week called general attention to the business, and there was straightway a great outcry against it, and the power of the law was invoked to restrain or suppress it. The law has no power to do so. A flagrant case might possibly lead to conviction and punishment, but it is extremely unlikely. With all possible respect to Wall Street, lying, whether tending to gloom or hope, is inseparable from the game played there. When many men are engaged in betting large sums that prices will go up or go down within a few hours or even minutes, and when the rise or fall depends not on any change in real values, but mainly on a change in men's feelings, lies will be told to affect feelings and effect the change in prices. There is no power outside of the Street that can prevent it. How far a reform could be made in the Street itself we do not now care to say, but if it is ever made it will have to be directed to the cause, and not to the incidental effects.

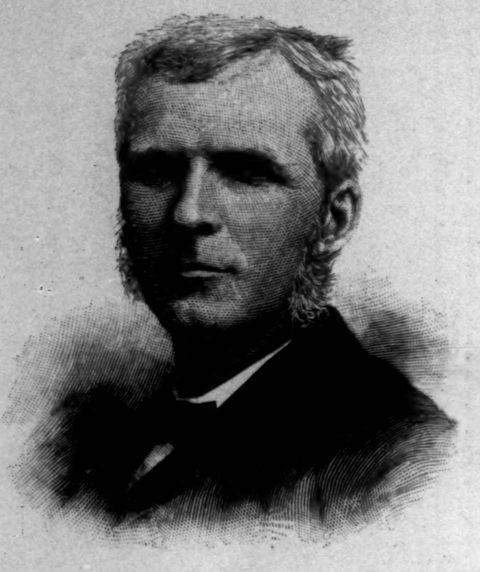
Mr. Gladstone in his old age is far more iconoclastic than he was at the beginning of his career. It looks as if he were setting out on a second youth, with the firmness bred of long and triumphant experience added to the audacity proper to the young. Last week he had the hardihood absolutely to decline to agree to an adjournment of the House of Commons over Derby day, in order to permit members to attend what has heretofore been regarded, even by the government, as a great national festival. This was, of course, so far as we can see, but the courage of plain common-sense, but it is a truism that nothing is so rare as that, particularly, if we may say so, in England. In that land of our beloved forefathers the fact that a thing has always been done is generally conclusive against omitting it, and the quality of mind to which this is due is no small part of the secret of English success. Walter Bagehot once remarked in effect that stupidity was the highest gift of Heaven to the English race, since they stuck to their work in blind ignorance that there was anything else possible. In the matter of the Derby, Mr. Gladstone sees that something else is possible, and something much better. But there is not a betting man in England that would lay more than one to twenty that the Grand Old Man will have a quorum in the House on Derby day.

Something akin to the mediæval "peace of God" has fallen upon the morning newspapers of New York. The *Herald* surprised its innumerable readers by reprinting the entire editorial page of the *Times* under its new management. The *Times* responded by a handsome picture of the new *Herald* building uptown, with a discriminating and favorable critique upon the architecture of that handsome structure. The *World*, in its hundred-page memorial issue, distributed several marked and flattering allusions among its contemporaries, and these have in turn given cordial credit to the characteristics of the young giant of journalism. How long this rose-water rivalry is to last no one shall safely predict, but as representatives of the disinterested readers of many papers, we beg to tender the great dailies the assurance of distinguished and grateful consideration.

The recent occurrence of several peculiarly atrocious and murderous assaults by Italians in this vicinity has renewed the talk about oath-bound secret societies among that race. Most of this talk is very wide of the mark. It is pretty well ascertained that no such societies exist in Italy outside of Sicily and Naples, while their extent there is undoubtedly exaggerated by the cloud of obscurity by which they are surrounded. It is, however, quite probable that there are members of the Sicilian Mafia and the Neapolitan Camorra in New York, and that they band together to commit crime and to protect each other, as the members of the Mafia are fairly proven to have done in New Orleans in 1891. But there is no reason to fear that New York will be disgraced by any such bloody and cowardly work as was done in the Parish prison there. At the same time there are certain conditions tending to favor crime which our authorities may well study to abolish. It is a case in which physical and moral sanitation can be carried on to advantage at once. The chief danger arises from the crowding of the Italians of the lower class in the tenement-houses of two or three quarters. The Health Department has ample authority to enforce cleanliness and decent living in these. With such enforcement, the dense crowding will be in a great degree done away with. The possible criminals will be scattered, and most of the incentives to crime will be greatly diminished. Meanwhile we must not forget that the body of Italians here are industrious, sober, honest, and make quite as good citizens, "on the average," as any other race.

Secretary of War Lamont has thrown much light upon a question in the civil service that has long been mooted between the reformers and the higher officials. The former have held that it was both practicable and desirable in case of removals that a record should be made of the reasons for them. The latter have feared that this would restrict the authority of the superiors and tend to disturb discipline. Mr. Lamont has just ordered six discharges and fifty reductions in grade and salary on the report of a special committee, and in every case the report has given a succinct statement of the reasons for the action recommended. So far as these have been published they are clearly fair and sound. No name is, or need be, given to the public, though it is open to the person affected to make the record public if he choose to do so. It is impossible to see any reason why the same process should not be applied throughout the service. It would promote efficiency and prevent abuse in all directions. The Hon. Carl Schurz has given his very high authority in its favor. He declares that in four years in the Department of the Interior—and every one knows that its administration was then admirable—he never was called upon to make a change for which he could not put on record his reasons.

There has been nothing in recent American politics more curious than the coquetting of the Convention of Republican Clubs at Louisville last week with the ladies who were seeking a "plank" for woman suffrage. However many, or few, may be the women who want the ballot, those who do want it have an intensity and persistence of desire that will not take no for a final answer. The unfortunate Committee on Resolutions at Louisville was beset by a delegation that kept it in a stormy session from dewy eve to dawn. Then the committee, with a yawn of relief, reported the "plank" adversely. But the women were not thus to be disposed of. They carried the question into the convention, and there, amid the yells and groans and cheers of foe and friend, they gave battle to the committee—and they won. It is true that they got merely a recommendation to advocate the ballot for women as a matter of "education," but that was a triumph for them. There is not one of them, from the mother of the most numerous family to the mother of none, that cannot give every Republican in the land points on "education." They got more than they expected, and nearly all they hoped for. Now they have only to amend the Constitution of the United States to make their "issue" a national one. Meanwhile they have a year's stock of *gaudeam certaminis*.



THE LATE GENERAL S. C. ARMSTRONG.
See Page 507.

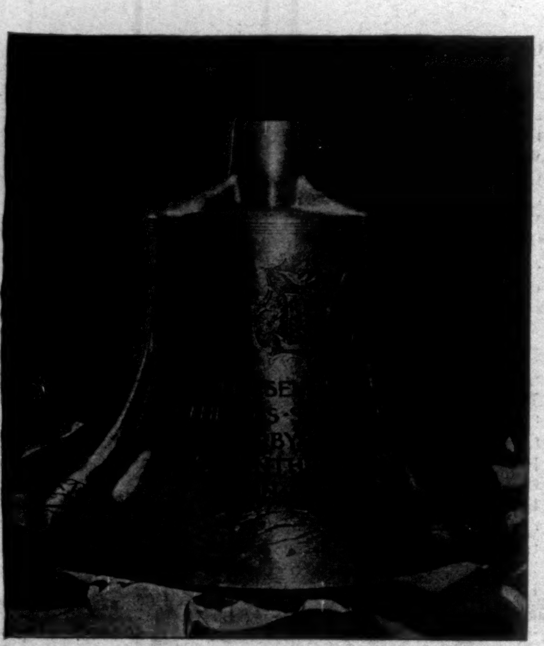
SURGEON-GENERAL J. RUFUS TRYON.
See Page 507.

FRANK H. JONES,
First Assistant Postmaster-General.—[See Page 507.]

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT'S GIFT TO THE U. S. CRUISER "NEW YORK."

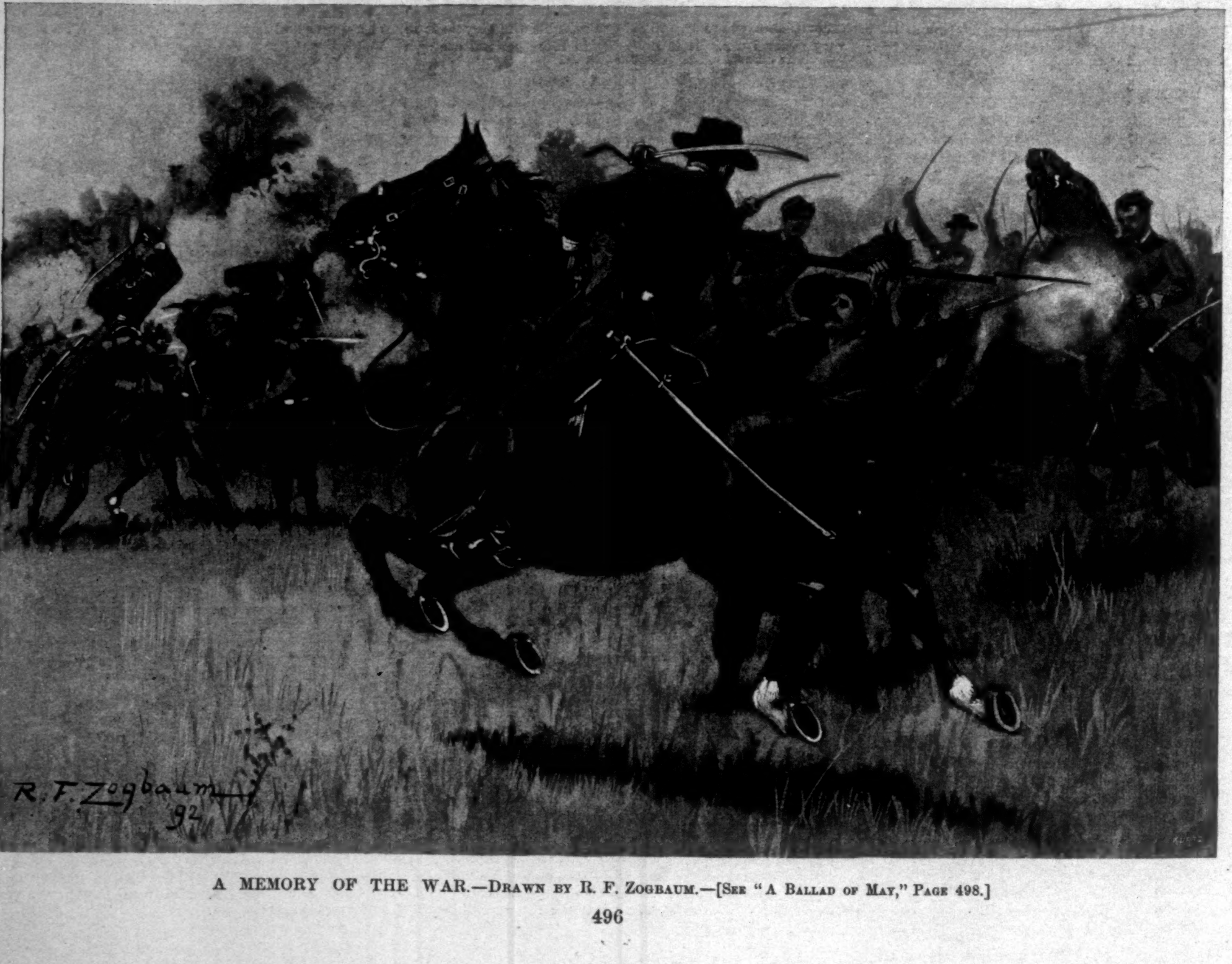
In connection with the growth of the United States navy a very pleasant custom has been inaugurated. The new war-vessels have been received with high favor by all people from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and local pride has been aroused when the ships have been given the names of the great cities of the Union. Representative organizations and citizens of these favored centres have not been slow to extend their recognition of such compliments, and the *Baltimore*, the *San Francisco*, and other cruisers bear substantial testimonials from the people of the respective cities whose names they bear. New York has often been reproached with lack of local pride, but in the case of the new armored cruiser which carries the name of the metropolis there have been many evidences of friendly feeling. This latest and greatest addition to the navy has been highly spoken of in all quarters, and the ship has proved herself worthy of her name. The citizens of New York have been interested in her, and have given unmistakable proofs of their regard. The New York *Herald* instituted a popular subscription for the purchase of a silver service for the cruiser, and a generous sum was raised, many of the subscriptions being from the poorer classes. When the list was closed, enough money had been received to purchase a handsome set of plate to grace the table of the new vessel, and in an open competition Mr. Charles Osborne won the prize for the designs for the service.

The famous old New York "Seventh" has now come to the fore with a very unique gift from the members of the regiment. A ship's bell, costing somewhat over a



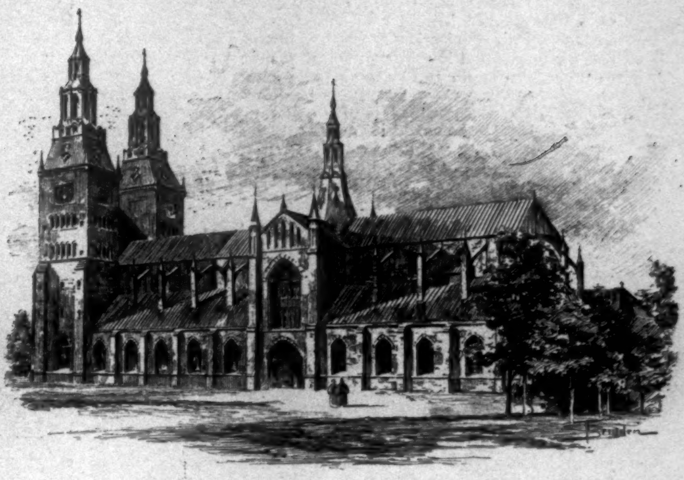
thousand dollars, will be formally presented when the *New York* is placed in commission. Each company of the regiment contributed its share of the expense, and all the members evinced much interest in the matter. The bell is a large one, weighing six hundred and fifty pounds, and is composed of American tin, American copper, and American silver. It is believed to be the first bell of its kind cast in this country of purely American ingredients. The casting was made by the Clinton H. Meneely Bell Company, of Troy, and Mr. Osborne, the designer of the silver service and vice-president of the Whiting Manufacturing Company, attended personally to the engraving. The inscription, on one side near the base, reads, "Presented to the U. S. S. *New York* by the Seventh Regiment, N.G.S.N.Y." A shield upon it bears the respective coats of arms of the United States, the State of New York, the city of New York, and the Seventh Regiment.

The committee appointed by the regiment consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel George M. Smith, Captain George W. Rand, and Lieutenants W. G. Schuyler, H. C. Duval, and John B. Holland. At the time of the casting of the bell a very pleasant incident gave evidence of the deep interest felt by all in the work. The committee and several invited guests were present on the occasion, and, moved by some happy impulse, they all threw into the metal some personal article of silver. A coin bearing the date of his entry into the regiment was given by one officer, and match-boxes and other valued mementoes were thus contributed. The gift is now on board the ship, and only awaits formal acceptance by the officers and authorities of the navy. This formality will take place after the cruiser has been put in commission.



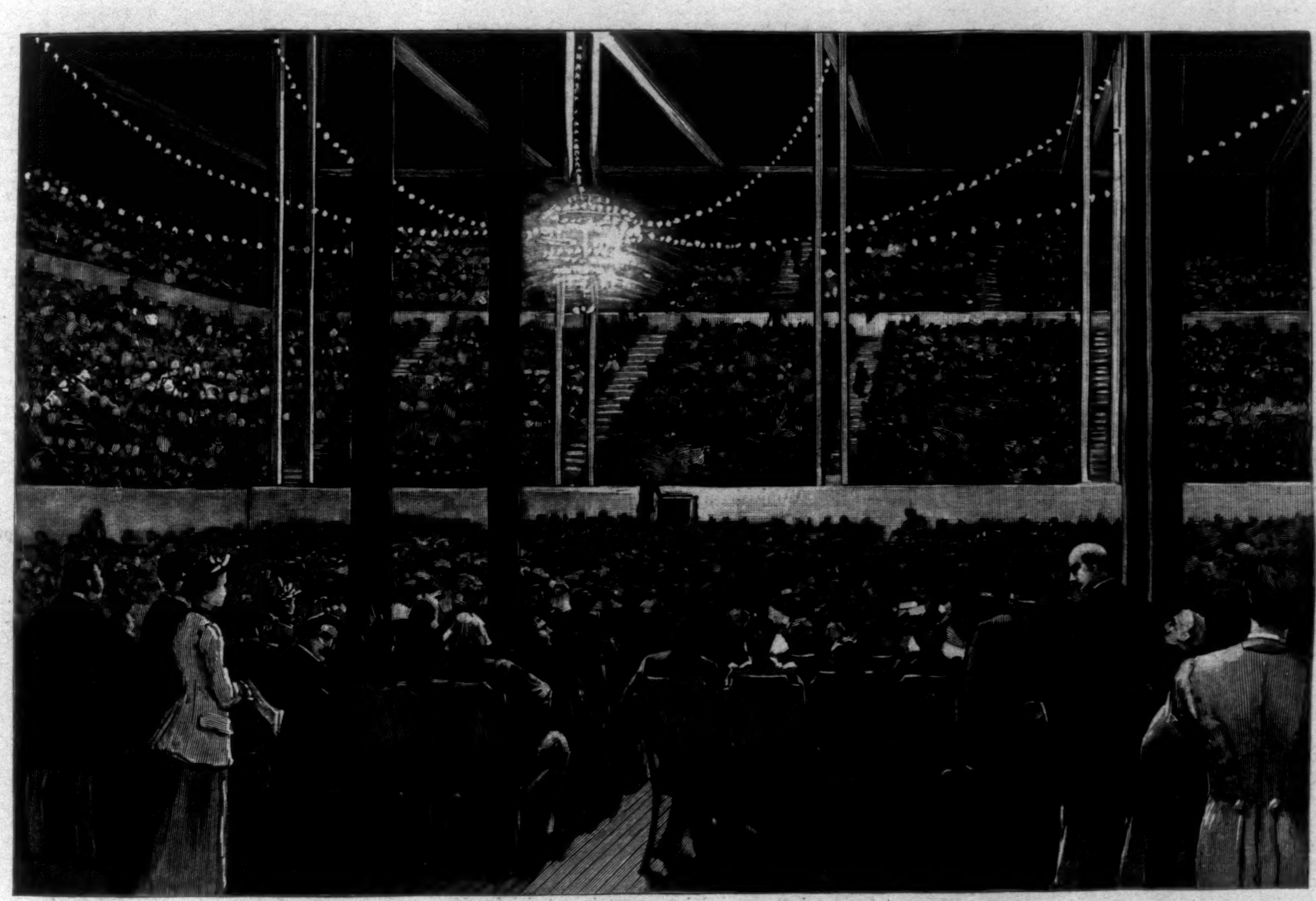
A MEMORY OF THE WAR.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See "A Ballad of May," Page 498.]

REV. ERIK NORELIUS, D.D., OF VASA, MINNESOTA.
A Swedish-American Leader.



UPSALA CATHEDRAL, WHERE THE DECREE WAS PROMULGATED.
From a Drawing made in 1700, two years before the Cathedral was burned.

BISHOP VON SCHEELE, OF SWEDEN.



VIEW OF THE AUDITORIUM WHERE THE JUBILEE WAS HELD.
Drawn by Warren B. Davis, after a Sketch by Harwood.

REV. LUDVIG HOLMES,
Composer of the Jubilee Poem.

REV. MAURITZ STOLPE,
Pastor of Gustavus Adolphus Swedish Lutheran Church, New York.

REV. PROFESSOR C. E. LINDBERG,
Professor of Theology at the Augustana Conservatory, Rock Island, Illinois.

REV. C. J. PETRI, OF MINNEAPOLIS,
A Leader in the Jubilee Movement.

THE SWEDISH TRICENTENNIAL JUBILEE IN MINNEAPOLIS.—[See Page 507.]

A BALLAD OF MAY.

See illustration on page 496.

We were ploughing the far hill meadow, Abner, Reuben, and I,
In the flush of the sweet May morning, and the off horse balked at the rise
Midway in the longest furrow; and I patted and coaxed him on:
I remember the scent of the brown earth, the blue of the bending skies.

Said Abner: "We'll rest for the nooning; old Don's in an ugly mood.
No wonder he's tired, poor fellow; the colt doesn't do his share.
I know how a horse feels, David, with a stubborn drop in his blood,
When his mate is a bit of a shirk, Dave. I tell you it isn't fair!"

I was ready to flare in a moment. You see, I was fond of the colt.
I had trained him myself. He was flighty and full of kittenish pranks.
And he didn't know, and *I* didn't know, my dear little black Ben Bolt,
How grave and steady he'd grow yet, trained in the cavalry ranks.

For swift through the sweet May morning came the flying thunder of hoofs,
And "Dave! Dave! Dave!" called my neighbor Jonathan Bell.
It was hurry and scurry and hasten—"Arm for your fields and your roofs!"
And I left the boys and the ploughing, and galloped away pell-mell.

Do you know the blue Shenandoah, with its loops and twists of light,
Its foams of torrent, its gleams, its brawls, its sheen through the fields of wheat?
All through our mountain valley we were up, as we thought, for the right,
Our hearts and our wills were tempered to the glow of a fierce white heat.

The bluecoats were swarming near us. Over our winding ways
Glittered their dark battalions, and the flag we used to love
Flaunted its stern defiance through the grim and passionate days
When men did the desperate fighting, and women sought God above.

Well, it's all past! Heaven be thanked, boys! But there's never a Southern May,
Sweet with the lilac and jasmine, that I do not live again
Through the anger and storm and madness, and the rollicking times and gay,
When I was a boy on my black Ben Bolt, off in that hot campaign.

I am glad the flag of my fathers still waves o'er my native land.
And that grave, that my little maid Ethel covers with flowers to-day?
Don't laugh! You fellows are heartless. Yet how should *you* understand?
That's Ben Bolt's grave in the meadow. We buried him there one May.

I'm grizzled and tough as a pine knot, and I limp a little, of course,
But I'd never have won my wife there, and the children on my knee
Would have called some other man father, but for the brave black horse
Who carried me safe through shot and shell, whatever our fate might be.

Battle and march and ambush, I and my black Ben Bolt,
We scrambled it through together, and we both went back to the plough.
But Abner and Rube were dead, boys! I tell you that Morgan colt
Had stuff in him hard to beat, and I wish he were living now!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

FOGARTY—AN IMPRESSION.

BY KATE JORDAN.

The clock in Trinity's steeple struck seven as he wiped his pen and slid from the high office chair. His legs were cramped from the position so long retained. It was a pleasure to stretch them, feel the muscles relax, and a sense of sleepy satisfaction steal through his blood.

He was the last one in the office to-night, and the keys were in his pocket. Beyond the closed doors he heard the plaintive undulations of an Irish tune the char-woman was laboriously humming on the stairs. The smell of the soapy boards crept faintly in like a rebuke to the dry dust lying undisturbed on tables and chairs. A fat spider dropped on the closed ledger, and in a small spasm of apprehension hurriedly swung itself up again on an imperceptible film. There were the crunch of an industrious mouse behind the wall, the tinkle of car bells from the street, the droning hum of water boiling in a can on the stove.

Fogarty noted these things as he pulled his gloves from the drawer, the one unshadowed gas jet above the desk making the corners of the room blacker, his intense worn profile sharper, and coercing every silver hair upon his head into a brighter shining. The jangle of the keys was surprising as he laid them down, and when he stamped his feet, as men do in plunging into a coat, the aroused echoes in the dusty deserted place silenced the mouse behind the wall, and caused a listening break in the char-woman's song.

With his usual care he opened the slats of the stove, that the red embers, sending up small tongues of fuchsia-colored flame, might the more quickly expend themselves, turned out the gas, and locking the door of the office, found himself on the street. The snowy length of Broadway glittered before him. It was a night of crystals and starlight; a magic tone in the steady, windless frostiness. How light and icy the air was! how clear the infinitude of blue against which the white angles of high roof-tops were silhouetted!

Before Fogarty had passed Trinity Church and the lines of graves shrined behind iron bars from the fret of life, he had met a pair of loitering lovers, had listened to the repeated and untrammelled laughter of a bulky man just ahead, and to the snatch of an Italian song from a merry-eyed, ruddy-cheeked vender, who was carrying home upon his head only two unpurchased plaster bits of the Madonna.

"How happy the world is!" thought Fogarty. Following came the thought, "I'll walk home to-night," and his step upon the hard snow became light, expectant.

There were a few flakes falling yet, not appearing to come direct from the sky, but as if after an intermediate excursion somewhere in the wilderness of violet ether they were making a tardy and unwilling descent.

He lifted his face and felt it touched to that freshening warmth born of action and frost. Each street lamp as he neared it was a yellow jewel twinkling in the snowy night for him alone. The bright-eyed rapid walkers brushing against him on the pavement were his friends. And that barrel-organ churned in the gloom of a side street—ah, what was that organ saying?

He stood still and listened, while the high sweet notes of "Oft in the Stilly Night" became one with the beating of his heart. It was a call, a reminder. No; it was more: it was a presence that looked at him with the eyes of his youth, whose flowerlike breath was on his cheek, whose fingers searched for his heart.

Fainter came the music, so languishing, so penetrating, so full of the plaint of age for that which comes not again.

"Ah, Marie, Marie, when first you sung that song!"

Had he spoken aloud, or was it the voice of this other lost self, this shadow beside him? He scarcely knew. His thoughts had flown to Marie. Her laughter rang in his ears; he recalled the flash of her soft eyes; he heard again her voice, tripping, purring, and its lovable un-English accent.

Fogarty walked on. But now he did not see the façades of the many-storied buildings, the lights at hotel entrances. He no longer heard the clarion cries of the newsboys, the muffled roll of cars and cabs, nor any of the sounds of life filling the snow-wrapped town. He was thinking of the first time his eyes had rested upon Marie.

Twenty-five years ago. Yet every smallest incident was visible now as then.

I.

See the French quarter, the streets alive and noisy. The waiters in the small cabarets are lighting the gas in the wan July evening. It is a pulseless night after a humid, cloudy day.

Down the cracked marble steps of a house that once was grand comes a young man, a bundle of manuscript under his arm. His hair is rather long, his scarf indifferently tied, his velvet jacket flung wide open.

With a sort of envy Fogarty watched that dream figure take two flying leaps across the street, part a tangle of children playing at the curb, and swing himself with the *insouciance* of twenty-five into a little, muslin-curtained place with "Pension Française" painted in yellow upon the glass.

His feet grate upon the sanded floor, a ghostly echo, but marvellously clear. There is the flavor of soup in the air, the satisfying, inexpensive *soupe à la paysanne*, where meat, potatoes, sliced onions, and carrots make a heavy dinner for those whose pockets are light.

As he enters he notices that the round red proprietor with the bulbous nose is absent. His wife presides in his stead behind the cigars and wax-light near the door. She is smiling, and a cherry-colored splash of ribbon is outspread on the bosom of her crisp cambric gown.

"Eet ees Fogarty! You have came back!" she cries. "Ah, you don' then like the corntry?"

"Had to hurry back. Been promised a hearing for my opera. Ah, Madame Vatal, it will succeed. Yes, it will live."

"When we see heem on the stej?"

"Perhaps not for a year—perhaps even longer. Ah, what does that matter? I am young, and I am to have my chance. Give me some Cuban cigarettes. Thanks. La, la, la, tra, la, la— Ah-h-h! La, la, la. La-la-la! That's the beginning of the first chorus. Like it?"

"Beautiful," exclaims Madame Vatal, letting the tips of her fat fingers meet as she leans her elbows on the counter. "Oh, you air ver' claiver! Will you much money make?"

"Heaps!"

"Yais?"

"Besides, better still, I have enough material for fifty operas singing in my brain." And the smoke of the cigarette is a fragrant, courtesying column between them as he speaks.

"Yais?"

"A few more years, Madame Vatal, and I won't be here."

"Ware then?"

"Uptown. Near Union Square."

He flings his hat upon the counter, drags forward a chair, and with a gay, impudent glance at the French woman, chuckling silently, makes it a deep obeisance.

"Greeting to you, Fogarty! I am delighted to know you. Permit me to touch your hand. Ah, what charming rooms you have! That view of the park is beautiful. These quaint bits of pottery are priceless to you, I suppose. That tankard, I dare swear, was drained by a contemporary of Shakespeare's. This arm-chair, with its worn Utrecht velvet, wins me; it is worthy a poem. And that old clock, taller than my head, ticking away the moments of your brilliant life, gives just the touch I love to that shadowed corner. Hear its solemn melodious voice! See the silver deeps of that great mirror reflected in its satiny wood! Every artist loves an old clock. Spread beneath your feet, Fogarty, are these rugs. They smell of age and musk. The butterfly and the lizard have lent them their hues. Think you some Turk has knelt often on that frayed spot, his forehead to the earth, the call of the muezzin in his ears? You have your windows filled with flowers, Fogarty. You love hyacinths, I see. What man with melody in his soul does not? It is the poet's flower; there is a heaven of inspiration in its sweetness. It is the spirit's bell, and rings changes too subtle, too pure, for the body's hearing. Ah, the privilege of speaking thus intimately to you, Fogarty—the name that sets the world singing! I never lived until I heard *Seraphine*. I never loved until Gregoire's serenade set my pulses tingling. Fogarty, you are blessed of the gods—young, famous, rich! Fogarty, I am your most obedient servant."

How he laughs as he flings back his head and stares into Madame Vatal's puckered face!

"That's the Fogarty who is to be, madame," he says, his eyes sparkling as he takes up his manuscript. "But to-night, 'an you love me,' let the *soupe à la paysanne* be plentiful and hot. I have eaten nothing since ten o'clock, and I've been busy all the afternoon rubbing together two dimes in my jacket pocket."

"You air too droll," she says, as she touches the bell. And then going to the foot of the stairs that is little more than a ladder leading to the floor above, she calls, "Marie! Ma-rie!"

There is an answer in French, and Madame Vatal rustles over to the table where Fogarty is now sitting, his pale slender fingers busy with the manuscript and forgetful of all else.

"I have a *sa*-prise for you. You don' hear nothing 'bout Marie?"

"No. Who is Marie, and what about her?" he asks, leaning back, while a pomaded garçon puts the bowl of peasant soup before him.

"She have come to leev here, *bef*-ore she go to tich some children up-a town. My husban' brother have died heem ver' queeck in New Orleans. Marie no like that-a ceety. She come here now. She cry too much. I want 'er to mek friends with so gre't man as you—going to be, eh? Spik funny to 'er. Mek 'er laugh. She très sérieuse. No like men, theatre—no like an-y-*thing*. She cry ver' much all time for 'er papa. Ah—Marie?"

This last, a question in a fond, drawling voice ending on a shrill note, is called forth by the half-reluctant appearance of a girl at the foot of the stairs. She is gowned in a thin black muslin, and wears it, poorly made though it is, with the native grace of the French woman. As yet her face is in shadow, and it droops a little. Another second and she stands by her aunt's side, the gas-light upon her.

Fogarty hears her called by name, and the two syllables ring in his brain with a variety of inflections. Her hand rests for a moment in his. She has looked once into his eyes, then swung herself away, and buried her face upon her aunt's bosom.

"I cannot help to weep. I cannot talk."

"*Pauvre!*" comes in a breath from Madame Vatal, and above the girl's head she works her eyebrows at Fogarty in a manner that expresses pity, tenderness, apology, and gives a final pucker to her lips which signifies, "It is but natural."

"There! there! Do not cry, Marie," she commences, soothingly, passing her hand down the girl's bent head. "Here is my young fren, M'sieur Fogarty, a gre't man, some day, petite. He is write the oper*as* magnifique. Oh, spik to heem. He is my good fren."

A trio of regular diners enter. Madame Vatal gives a twist to her starchy muslin and goes to meet them. Fogarty draws forward a chair for Marie.

"Won't you sit down? I promise not to look at you once, mademoiselle. I'm desperately hungry, and can talk without lifting an eyelash. Do sit down."

But despite this promise his eyes very frequently seek hers. There is that about her which enslaves his poetic senses and fires him with a dreamy enthusiasm. The aureole of youth shimmers around her pale blond head. Her eyes are brown, shot with golden lights. Sometimes they are drowsy under her sweeping lashes; sometimes, as she lets her reserve slip from her and talks to him, they flash with an intensity as beautiful as it is surprising. Her mouth is like a babe's, the chin dimpled and indecisive. Her soft, milky throat, encircled by a bit of black silk ribbon, has a stemlike grace. Her youth is evident in the simplicity of her gown, the long braid of hair that like a rope of woven gold lies heavily upon her back, in her shyness, and a sort of naïve restlessness not without grace.

"She is only seventeen or so," thinks Fogarty. "When she is a woman she will be a goddess."

II.

Memory sighs again the first slow notes of "Oft in the Stilly Night," and he sees a summer evening three years later. He is sitting with Marie on Madame Vatal's house-top.

Flowers are growing there in pots. The windows of the house opposite fling back the sunset fire. A dusty procession, with only the beat of drums, passes on the street just below. He watches the spires, clouds, and smoke, but most of all her laughing mouth as he teaches her the Irish melody.

Oh, love and youth—the words that follow—the stammering, burning words! Only once in a man's life are words spoken like those ringing their glowing changes in Fogarty's memory—once, when he is young, and sees Love's face for the first time.

III.

"You air ver' foolish. You talk so much 'bout money and the beautiful oper*a!* No—no—I will not hear a what you say. I cover my ears—so. Peste, what silly things you talk! The oper*a!* The oper*a!* The oper*a!* All day I hear of heem. Marie, you *req*uest to marry you. She say 'yes.' All ver' good, all ver' nice. I say, 'Wait and see a what money the beautiful oper*a* make.' This I say to Marie. She laugh and toss 'er head. 'It will be right, I know. He tol' me that.'"

Fogarty sees Madame Vatal stamp her feet, place one hand upon her hip, and snap the fingers of the other contemptuously, while a derisive chuckle breaks from her lips.

"Look, now," and she lays her hand upon her heart, her round black eyes upraised in pretended awe, "the oper*a* is put upon the stej. All lot fuss 'bout heem—oh, so great—so fine—so fine! Marie sing the airs all of the day. Oh, so fine! She no can tech her scholars, because she sit thinking all day of you and the fine opera. She come here, cheeks all red, hug me roun' the neck. She love you—love you—you air claiver, brave, fine—oh, so fine!"

Is it, indeed, Fogarty who listens in hopeless silence to these words, his face wan, his eyes heavy? They wound like arrow-thrusts, and every glance is a taunt. Madame Vatal's disappointed ambition makes her pitiless. For he has failed. He no longer holds her admiration as her most promising patron, important in her eyes from the anticipative renown following him. He no longer represents a mind well-stocked with melodies to be coined at so much apiece. His betrothal to Marie had meant prospective affluence before. Now it means the surety of poverty.

"Ever'body laugh at that opera. One night he is played—all beeg fuss 'bout *heem*—theatre crowded—you so proud—ever' one shek your han'. The next day—fizz—smoke—he is out. No good. It ees better you go 'way from Marie. She too prit' to be poor."

IV.

In Fogarty's little room where he nests beneath the eaves it is quite silent. He is crouched beside the window looking

with eyes that see nothing across the wilderness of sunlit roofs. A letter is crushed in his hand. It holds a message that stifles, deadens him. It tells him to believe that Marie, like the rest of the world, has passed by on the other side. Is her voice, then, to be forever silent for him, like the voice of the piano but a few feet away, which in his rage at fortune he has sworn never to touch again?

"She is going to marry her cousin, the big, laughing-lipped Jaques. He has followed her from New Orleans. Do you not know it? Every one says so. He has money, you know. You have none, poor Fogarty. Maybe you never will have any now."

So he has heard from his companions. It has been gossip in the neighborhood. But he has not believed, for Marie has been silent until now.

He opens the paper and reads some of the words again. They are written in most careful English. No blot, no fugitive tear-drop, spoils the perfection of that adieu.

"But yes, I love you. You know that very well. Ah, if you could have seen me these two weeks, like a miserable spirit walking up and down my room and thinking of you! Oh, why was the opera useless? You were so sure; I was so sure. And now? There is nothing to be done. There is nothing to expect. They are torturing me because I say I still love you. And what can I do? To marry would be madness; to wait, hopelessness. I love you so that I am afraid to see you and tell you this, lest when you whisper 'Marie!' my heart may soften too much. Ah, friend, why am I, too, poor? They are sending me away. I never will forget you. What will you think of me? Coquette and heartless, you will say. But no, you will be wrong. I ask that sometimes you think of me with pity. Ah, that the three years passed with you were only beginning, my friend, and that now I was as happy as on that summer night when you taught me your English song and said—But why recall those words now? Adieu! I press my lips to your brow. Pity me. MARIE.

"P. S.—I never will marry Jaques. Do not believe them, if they say so."

He remembers no more of that day save that, lifting his head, he finds the hours have flitted past him unmarked, and it is night. To have failed and to be alone—what is worse?

The city vibrates like a living thing. How the smoke rises from it, rises, curls, now level shreds of gauze like the edges of an air sprite's robe, growing paler, paler, drawn into the black overhanging deeps, gone at last, like the promise of his life, his hope, his love.

The vision fled. Fogarty looked up. He was again conscious of his fifty years, and of the winter night. His eyes were thoughtful only, not sad.

A newsboy crying "Extra!" jostled him, and more fully aroused he glanced at the letters on a lamp-post. He had walked very far, for he was at Bleecker Street, and only three blocks away was the house where Madame Vatal had lived.

"Just once; to-night," he said with a sigh, and turned the corner with a lingering step.

The houses he passed were old friends, though wearing now the garb of abject penury. Memories assailed him from every side.

He came to South Fifth Avenue, called in the old days Laurens Street, and saw the shop that had been Madame Vatal's. Over the red muslin curtain stretched across the lower half of the window the yellow cadaverous face of a Chinaman peered out.

The room under the roof where he had known the intensest joy and sorrow of his life was now a carpenter's loft; through the tangled iron crossings of the elevated road he could see the window high up on the opposite side.

Gone, quite gone, all traces of that lost summer-time, and gone the youth that had laughed at its hardships, its glowing eye fixed always upon the radiant after-time.

Fogarty walked on homeward now, and trudging along the well-known streets, a picture of the present rose before him, more near, more vivid, than any of the memories which had pursued him.

V.

A home not as richly complete as his early desires had sketched and his ambition demanded, still a happy home, a place of contentment, a refuge warm in the glow of mature love. Of money there is enough, of success a moderate quantity. A woman sits beside the fire. The glad flames leap. The imagined rosiness seems to flush the snowy street along which the dreamer trudges. The woman is not young, and above the fading eyes sparkles the silver which is Time's exchange for the years he gathers. She sits with both delicate hands held up to the blaze, her eyes sometimes following the maid who gives the last touches to a round table daintily laid for three; sometimes resting very tenderly upon the lowered head of a young man beside her, who reads aloud from a newspaper; sometimes with an expectant expression upon the door that soon must open to admit the one for whom they wait.

Wife and child.

Not one of the sadly tender visions of youth made Fogarty's heart glow as does this near picture of his home. And stranger still, it is Marie who waits for him, after all. Ah, no! ah, no! that letter bidding him good-by was not her last word to him. In his hour of bitterest need she had come back. It was one night alive with stars, oh, such years and years ago! he sees it so plainly. She crept to where he sat alone and stole her arms around his neck, and whispered that life was not life without him. Had he failed indeed and forever? Then the more he needed her.

And where had this marvellous joy come to him? Where but in the quiet of a little park he had always loved, a place long since wiped away, and supporting upon its once sunny site a great building filled with the hum of commerce. He seems to hear the splashing of the fountain among the tulips clustering over the basin's hem; the summer wind softly pats his face as it eddies round the curving paths; there is a searching fragrance across the snow like that which steals from flowers half dead; Marie's warm lips meet his, and the world slips away.

Years and years ago. Departed days. The sowing-time forever gone. The harvest is here, and what has he gathered? Is not Marie waiting for him at home? His son, tall as himself, who is to climb to the height he could not reach, is he not there too? If in the daytime the details of profitable but uncongenial commerce press heavily upon him, are not his nights at home festivals of melody? He sees a flower-shaded niche where a grand-piano yawns its great mouth invitingly toward him. To-night will he not hear the ripples and waves of music, full, resonant, satisfying, that make the bread of his spirit?

He is not famous. But can he complain, when the world has praised two of his operas, and Marie, faithful, tender, is by his side in the twilight of life?

O vision of grace! O picture touched with rays of gold as from a crown and with the purple of royalty! There at least he is surely sovereign and reigns by love. O light of days long gone, your spring-time charm and purity lacked the warmer tints that come with day's fainting promise.

Home, wife, child; the sweets of life are garnered in these words.

A wind leaped from the north, lifting the fresh snow into scurrying spirals and stinging wreaths of spray. The violet peace brooding over the white town was suddenly rent with wailing, and the lights, shaken and bent in the street lamps, made shadows fly waveringly along the lonesome streets.

People drew up their coat collars and said the night was changing, that bitter frost might be expected by morning. But to Fogarty, who felt the chill strike through to his heart, it was as if a demon had leaped into his garden of dreams and now stood chuckling at his side.

He was facing Washington Square. Under the electric lights that pulsed like living things, now opal pink, now purple red, the snow sparkled in irisated ridges.

He stood on the south side, looking north. To the left and right of the Memorial Arch were the unpretentious exclusive homes, the storied mansions of New York's early aristocracy. But around him in that queer juxtaposition that is one of the anomalies of the city's structure were houses whose ruined shutters and broken palings told at a glance of the lean poverty behind the walls.

They were small and old-fashioned. One blessed with imagination could easily shut out the scars of the years and see them as they were two generations ago, with shining windows, polished knockers, and well-kept area patches, each with its stone vase of pansies.

Into one of these old houses Fogarty turned. He had no need of a latch-key. The door swung on its hinges with every draught, and just within the hallway lay a streak of drifted snow.

A kerosene lamp on a hanging bracket threw its doubtful rays down the staircase, showed the time-yellowed stucco-work on walls and ceiling, the empty hall niches and spaces in the balustrades grinning like cavities in a huge mouth.

Up two flights he trudged, and at the top waited for breath. A door at the end of the hall was flung open, and a thin, dark-skinned little woman sprang out as if belched forth in the rush of smoke behind her.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Fogarty? And even so late I 'ain't got your fire going yet. That wood's the plaguiest thing—smokes like old Nick. How's your cold to-night, Mr. Fogarty?"

"Better, thank you, Mrs. Zahn. And how is little Meta?"

Fogarty paused, a genuine sadness in his face, a faint pink staining his cheek.

"I didn't bring her the rabbit I promised her. I forgot it somehow—to-night. I'm so sorry. To-morrow I won't forget."

"Oh, she'll trust you," and Mrs. Zahn dangled her earrings. "And now I'll send your supper right up. You're late to-night, ain't you? It's most nine o'clock, and you look awful tired. I got some nice beef stew and a pancake that 'll tempt you to eat—a real German pancake, Mr. Fogarty, the kind my husband likes."

She caught up a coal-scuttle and broom, and clattered to the floor below. As she opened her door there was the wail of a sick child. It was closed again, and the house was quiet save for the swish made by the flapping of the street door.

Fogarty entered the room, now almost cleared of its smoke. He turned the light high, and looked at the fire sputtering fiercely, as if to make up for delay. A dreaminess like a veil hung over his face, refined by age to the delicacy of a woman's. The eyes were blue, and docile as a tired dog's. The hair, lying in negligent strands around temples and ears, was straight, and fine as silvery silk. In his slow light step, calm attentive gaze, in the equable movements of his white hands, there was something most gentle and benign.

The room, though bare, was not cheerless. A big square of carpet covered the floor; warm curtains of dull red reps hung at the windows; a collection of pipes was grouped on the mantel; an old square piano stood near the door; books and magazines were on the table. But the place was quiet. There was no evidence of any presence save his own. Fogarty moved nearer the fire in an absent-minded fashion and sank into a chair. His soft hat hung between his fingers, and he had forgotten to remove his overcoat.

It had been a strange night. One after the other he had torn away the veils from the past and let his fancy stray among the remembered faces gone forever. Visions, all true, save the last. Ah, that picture of the present, born of a moment's craving for life's natural joys! It was hard to wave it quite away. It was hard to come back to the platitude of lonely age and face the pale perspective of eventless days.

There had been no success for him. Marie, dead or alive—he knew not which—was far away. She had gone back to New Orleans and married Jaques only ten months after her renunciatory letter to him. Instead of a prosperous commercial business of his own, he was a poorly paid bookkeeper in the office of Sparse & Parklow, wholesale dealers in coal. The small trunk in the corner near his bed was stuffed with useless manuscripts no one had thought worth the heeding. He had no wife, no child.

Oh, sweetest dream, that had stirred him to heaven-sent rapture and sharpest regret! It is what has not been, and what can never be, that awakens a vague sorrow more hopeless than that aroused by positive losses—the goal never reached, the something never done, the love we did not win, the friend we never knew.

Fogarty sighed. He had long since fallen into the habit, peculiar to lonely people, of talking to himself. He spoke aloud now: "Ah, memory, memory—shade that can never be outrun! Climb or fall, you keep ever by our side. You tell us of the have-been; and sometimes, on a night like this, when heart and soul are touched to quivering by the striking of a half-forgotten chord, you creep close to life's failures and feed them with lies. For just a little while they robe themselves in a happier personality, and revel in a vision of life as they would have made it if they could."

His hands—the long, delicate hands of the musician—tightened on the arms of the chair. A smile clung to his withered lips. The time for fever and bitterness had passed away. Resignation softened every line of the old face. He looked into the fire as one who looks into the eyes of a friend.

"Lies—all lies. We know that. But sometimes they are sweet. Come to me again, dear dream!"

He went to the piano and trailed his fingers tenderly over the keys. Slowly, and not louder than a sigh, came the strains of "Oft in the Stilly Night." He played it from the first note to the last with delicate fire and languishing pathos, his head lifted, his eyes closed.

A RECENT VIEW OF THE GREAT FAIR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

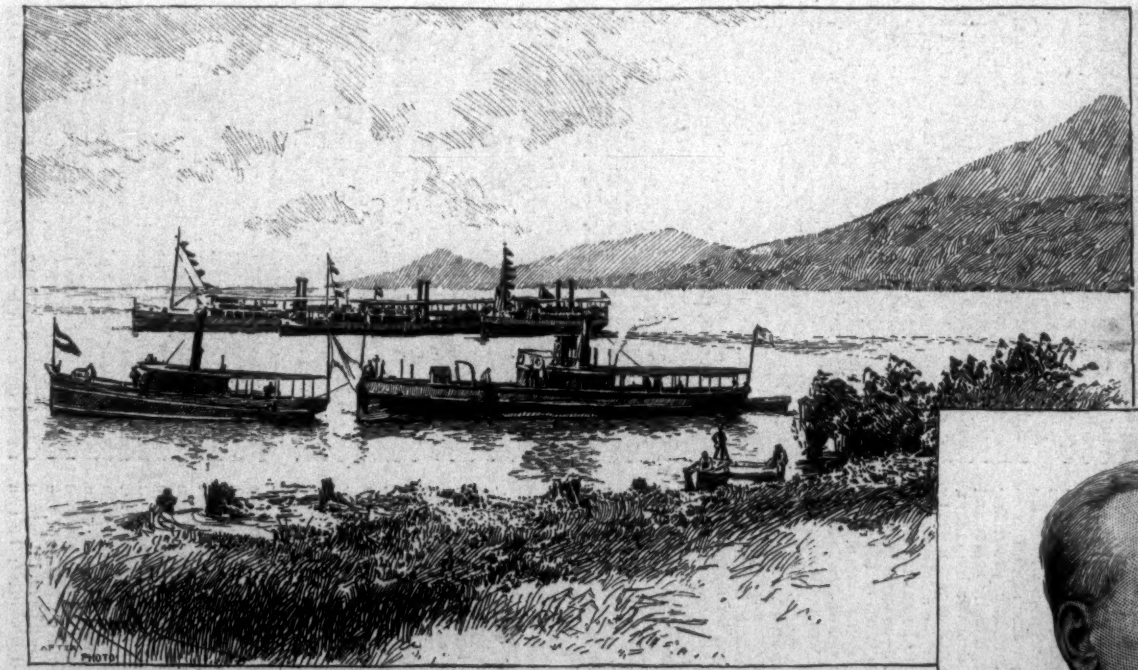
THE first impression, that the Columbian Exposition is not fully completed, is already succeeded by the popular conviction that it is, nevertheless, the greatest fair the world has ever seen. Every visitor departs with exclamations of wonder and delight at what is spread before him in the lake-side city of white palaces. On other pages are shown illustrations of several notable buildings and ornaments which form part of the great architectural and artistic display upon the grounds. The famous Macmonnies fountain is unquestionably the most ambitious of the purely ornamental embellishments; indeed, it is the principal gem in the beautiful Grand Court of Honor. It was when President Cleveland opened the fair that the public first saw this beautiful fountain as the artist had conceived it, standing, not upon a mere terraced platform, but at the top of a series of cascades of musical water that was vivified by the light that penetrated it, and silvered by the spray that was flung from it as it descended. On either side of the picturesque group of sculptured figures are minor fountains, in one of which the water takes the novel form of a circle of wheat sheafs. The light and graceful entrance to the Stock Pavilion, and the Obelisk that stands before it, are seen in another picture, and are among the latest completed additions to the tremendous scheme of the builders of the fair.

The northern entrance to the Machinery Building, reproduced in a double-page illustration, bespeaks for the picture the admiration which the actual work forces from all who see it, and yet there are details of the solid structure which have an importance that no illustration can convey. These details are the winged Victories that dominate the towers. It would not be easy to exaggerate their influence in beautifying a dozen views which visitors obtain as they move about the open grounds. These Victories are fully draped figures of great size, yet so proportioned as to their height and their relation to the building that they seem neither gigantic nor trifling, and yet literally dominate the view above the sky-line. The treatment of the drapery, always so difficult an art to master, is accomplished in these statues with such truth and grace that the figures appear merely to touch their pedestals as swan's-down would rest upon the ground, or as birds pause between one flight and the next. Scarcely are any of the myriad embellishments in this great thronging of ornaments at the exposition more beautiful, more completely satisfying, than these joyous, all but soaring, truly angelic figures. Day after day we have seen them stay the steps and hold the gaze of visitors, and have ourselves confessed an inability to pass without rendering them the same tribute, or to leave them without at least once returning to enjoy again the exquisite pleasure that a sight of them produces. These statues, which are Victories in a double sense, are the triumphs over stubborn matter which were won by the art of Mr. Robert A. Kraus, of Boston, the well-known sculptor.

No comprehensive or cardinal feature of the great show excites more surprise and admiration than the exhibit of Germany. Whether one views that splendid part of it which is shown in the galleries of the building of Fine Arts, or in the less showy collections in the commercial and industrial palaces, everywhere the impression remains that Germany has been stirred to make a great showing, to forward and arrange it promptly, and to bestow the greatest care and taste upon the varying methods of displaying what has been so enthusiastically collected. A deep moral which underlies what we have seen of Germany thus far in the Columbian celebration is this, that if there must be kings, it is best that they should be young, broad-minded, and ardent. The Emperor William won praise for his splendid contribution to the naval celebration; for the cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta*, her officers, her armament, even her brass band and her hornetlike little picket-boat, were all examples of the best of each sort that he commands. And thus, it seems, he meant to give us warning that when we should see his contributions to Chicago they would renew and strengthen our belief that he is very much interested in our World's Fair—the first in which united Germany has taken a strong part—and that he is even more interested in having the father-land make a good showing among the nations. Two large and excellent portraits of himself that are to be seen in the German part of the Fine Arts exhibition will be studied by our people with far more pleasure and good-will than if the powerful young monarch had not so evidently ordered his subjects to put their best foot forward at this exposition—our most ambitious effort to entertain the world.

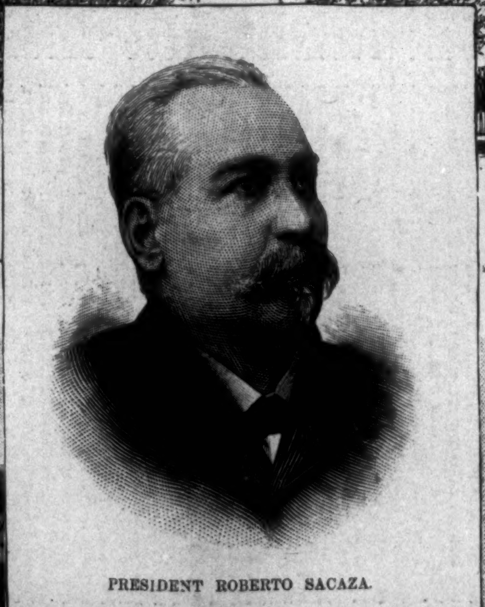
But there should be no "odorous" comparisons, and none is intended. Germany's display is mentioned merely as a notable feature at the moment. Other nations will contribute as much, and earn praise as high. England and France, more used to figuring in international expositions, proceed more slowly, but with confidence in their ability to make brave showings. Already in the art galleries England has surpassed herself, for never anywhere outside "the tight little isle" did her artists assemble their works with such force. Of the contributions of those adepts at world's-fairing, the French, there will never be need to say more than that France was present. Our own government has its exhibits in a very forward state, and the Federal buildings already house an exposition notable in itself. In a word, the Columbian Fair, as a whole, has truly been declared, in its present state, the best return for the fee charged at the gates that was ever offered to mankind.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE OBELISK AND ENTRANCE TO THE STOCK PAVILION.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.—[See Page 499.]

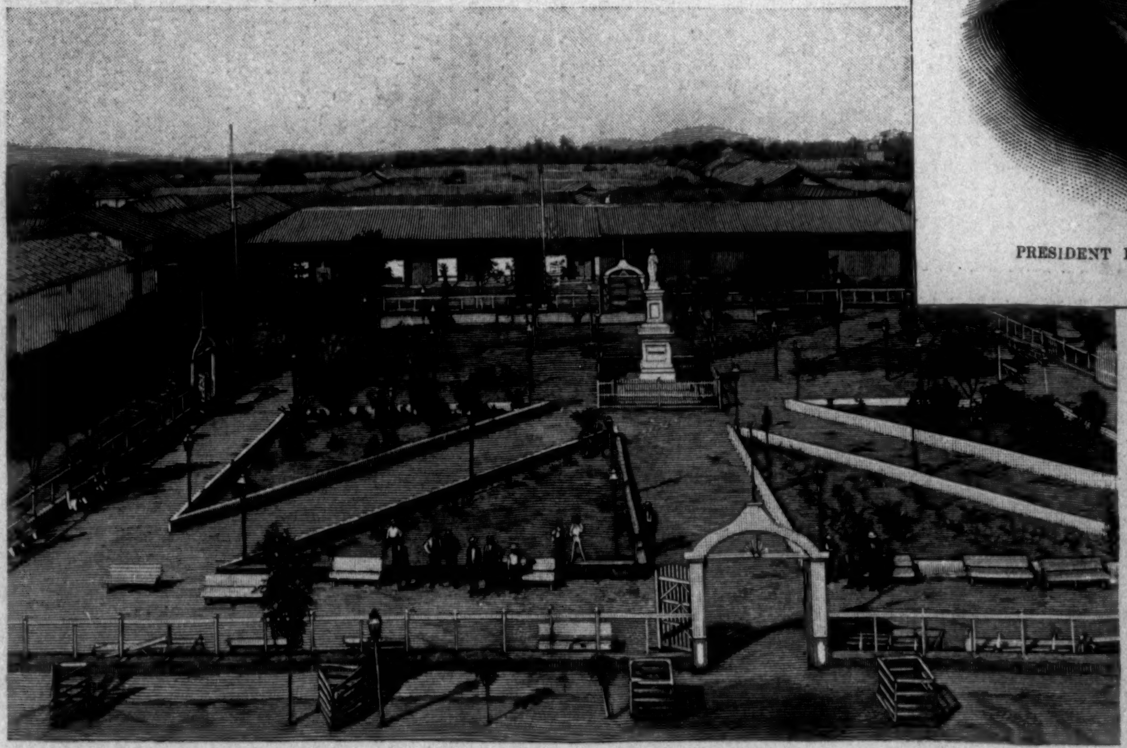


THE NATIONAL FLEET ON THE LAKE OF MANAGUA.

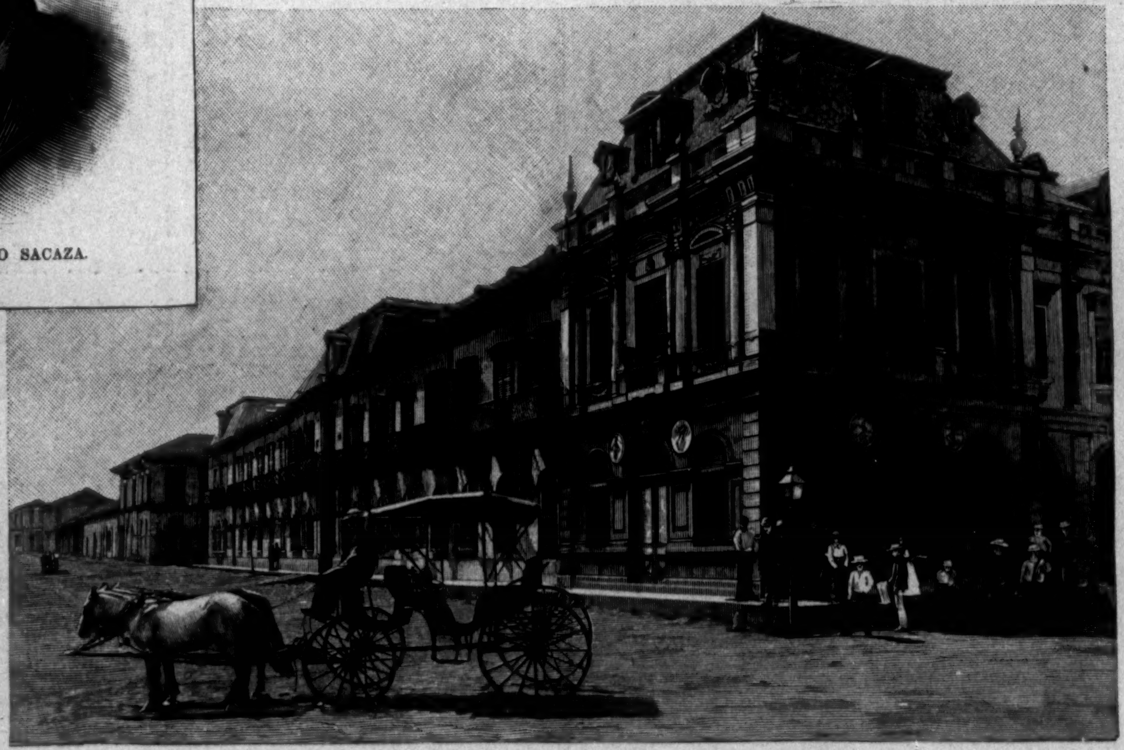
GREYTOWN.



PRESIDENT ROBERTO SACAZA.



THE PARK IN LEON.



THE NATIONAL PALACE, MANAGUA.

THE REVOLUTION IN NICARAGUA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 507.]

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

IV.—ACTIVE COLORADO REAL ESTATE.

"When I was visiting at my uncle's in Wisconsin last fall, I went out to Lake Kinnickinnick and caught a shovel-nose sturgeon which weighed eighty-five pounds."

It was Jackson Peters who spoke, and he did it rapidly and with an apprehensive air, for Jones was watching him closely. As he finished, Peters drew a long breath, and seemed much relieved that he had got through the story without an interruption.

"Eighty-five pounds," mused Jones.

"Yes, eighty-five pounds. Eighty-five pounds and ten ounces, to be exact, but I called it eighty-five."

"Exactness does not help your story in the least, Jackson," continued Jones. "You might give us the fractions of the ounce, and your story would still remain a crude production. I am in the habit of speaking plainly, and I will do so now. I take it that we are to consider your story simply as an exaggeration—that the fish probably didn't weigh ten pounds. Simple exaggeration, Jackson, is not art, and is unworthy of a man of parts. Anybody can exaggerate—the street laborer as easily as the man in Congress. But artistic story-telling is another thing, and the greatest may well hope for distinction in it. Why did you not, Jackson, tell an artistic lie, and say that when you pulled your fish out of the water the level of the lake fell two feet?"

Peters moved about uneasily, but made no reply.

"You never tell fish stories, Jones?" observed Robinson, in an inquiring tone.

"Seldom, Robinson. The trail of crass exaggeration is over them all. Fish stories have become the common property of the inartistic multitude. Of course I do not for this reason suppress facts having a scientific or commercial value. For instance, last winter I went before the legislative committee on fisheries, and laid before it an account of my experience when I had a farm near Omaha, on the Missouri River bottoms, and baited two miles of barbed-wire fence with fresh pork just before the June rise, and after the water receded removed 38,400 fish from the barbs, weighing, in the aggregate, over ninety-six tons. The Legislature passed a special vote of thanks for the facts."

Jones was becoming warmed up. "You have observed, Robinson," he went on, "that I seldom relate the marvellous. That is because it is too easy. I prefer to have the reputation of telling a plain tale artistically to that of telling a fabulous one like a realistic novelist. That is the reason I never told any one of my experience at breaking one hundred and sixty acres of land to ride."

"Tell us, by all means, Jones," said Robinson.

"Yes, go ahead," added Smith. Jackson Peters hid himself behind a cloud of cigar smoke.

"It was an exciting experience," said Jones, thoughtfully, as he gazed into the fire, "and one which I have never mentioned to anybody, although it happened twenty years ago. There is nothing so easy to lose as a reputation for truthfulness. I have my own to maintain. More men have lost their good names by telling the plain straightforward truth than by indulging in judicious lying. However, I will venture this time. It was, as I said, twenty years ago. There was a great mining boom in Colorado, and I closed my defective flue factory in Chicago, to the great joy of the insurance companies, and went out. I saw more money in hens than I did in mines, and decided to start a hen ranch. Eggs sold at five dollars per dozen. The hen, you know, requires a great amount of gravel for her digestion, and she also thrives best at a high altitude; so I went about two miles up Pike's Peak and selected a quarter-section of land good for my purpose. There was gravel in plenty, and I put up a small house and turned loose my three hundred hens. I became so interested in getting settled that I forgot all about establishing my right to the land before the United States Land Office at Colorado Springs. One day a large red-headed man came along and erected a small house on one corner of my ranch, and said that he had as much right to the land as I. He turned out two hundred head of goats, and started for Colorado Springs to file his claim. He had a good horse while I had none. It was ten miles to the town by the road and only five in a straight line down the mountain, but this five was impassable on foot or in any

other ordinary way. But I did not despair. I had studied the formation of the land, and knew what I could do. I took a half dozen sticks of giant powder and went over to a small ridge of rocks which held my farm in place. I inserted the powder, gentlemen, and blew those rocks over into the next county. I then lay down on my back and clung to a root while I rode that one hundred and sixty acres of good hen land down the mountain to Colorado Springs. It felt very much like an earthquake, and I made the five miles in a little over four minutes. Probably ten acres of my farm around the edges were knocked off along on the grand Colorado scenery, and most of the goats jolted off, but the hens, gentlemen, clung, the hens and myself. The corner of my front yard struck the Land Office and knocked it off its foundation. The Register and Receiver came running out, and I said, 'Gentlemen, I desire to make claim entry on the northeast quarter of section twenty-seven, township fourteen south, of range sixty-nine, and to prevent mistake I have brought it with me.' The business was all finished by the time the red-headed man came lumbering along, and I gave him ten minutes to get the rest of his goats off my land. He seemed considerably surprised, and looked at me curiously."

Jackson Peters was the first to speak after Jones paused.

"It is one of the saddest things in this life," he said, "that the man who always adheres to the exact truth often gets the reputation of being a liar."

"You are right, Jackson," said Jones. "I know of nothing sadder, unless it be, perhaps, to see a young man forget the respect he owes his former tutor. This life, Jackson, is full of sad things." H. C.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Although it by no means deserves to be dismissed in short order as an imposition on the public with the scant courtesy accorded it by an evening paper, Mr. Rice's historical extravaganza produced at Palmer's Theatre last week can hardly, and even from its own stand-point, be regarded as a great achievement. But its artistic value of one kind or another—for even an extravaganza may have decided artistic value—has nothing whatever to do with the case; for "1492" was received with tumultuous applause, and will probably fill out the summer season at Palmer's Theatre to the entire satisfaction of everybody concerned. The reason why is a little difficult to say. If Mr. Rice will recall to mind his own delightful extravaganza *Evangeline*, than which nothing more artistic of its kind has ever been written, as was and is well attested by its enduring popularity, he will readily see wherein "1492" is deficient. The author himself admits that it has no plot or story, and who could gainsay him? The music, original and selected, while it jingles along brightly enough, is unimpressive and uneventful even from a popular stand-point. The *mise en scène*, both as regards costumes and scenery, is gaudy rather than artistic; most of the puns and jokes are apparently products of the vintage of the period; and while the cast is excellent, the material with which they have to work is rather light-waisted, and better specialties than those introduced may be seen at any of our music halls. And yet, as has been remarked, the success of the piece cannot be questioned. Naturally there are a good many amusing moments in "1492"; with so many good people in the cast it could hardly be otherwise; but apart from this one would think that the success of the piece is in a great measure due to the fact that the principal part in the piece is played by the calcium-light.

As those versed in hypnotism and modern psychological phenomena well know, the unprotected avenue of approach to a man's inner nature lies in the eye. When that is dominated, which is easily done by means of making the subject gaze at some glittering object, the will is gone; the subject is helpless in the hands of the operator. Some suspicion of this psychological truth may have passed through Mr. Rice's mind when he invented and arranged the glittering scintillations of "1492." Except in the second act, which is notably dull in consequence, the eye is interested and attracted to such an extent that one's other senses may be allowed without inconvenience to lie dormant. There can be no question that hitherto the possible emotional effects of moving light and color used in conjunction with stage settings have been merely tentatively guessed at, and in no sense understood. As regards the company presenting "1492," Miss Teresa Vaughan was exceptionally pretty and winning in appearance, and sang with considerable charm. The chief musical hit of the first performance was made by her rendering of "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-wow" translated into German. There seems to be one invariable receipt to raise a laugh in dramatic work—as when in doubt in whist, play trumps; when in need of a laugh on the stage, speak some well-known English words in German. Mr. Walter Jones in the dual rôle of Ferdinand of Castile and a tramp of the "Weary-Walker" variety was genuinely and spontaneously funny and amusing, as was also, though in a less degree, Mr. Favor as the Royal Treasurer. As Queen Isabella, Mr. Richard Harlow's make-up was truly remarkable, and his action not only good, but artistic; but the introduction of such a character upon the regular stage cannot too strongly be deprecated. It may be allowable enough in college theatricals, where the reasons for the introduction are obvious, but has no artistic or admissible reason for existence in legitimate stage-work. One of the chief beauties of a piece like "1492" is that it may be varied indefinitely to suit the popular taste or fancy of the moment. One would think that Mr. Rice would temper the present unnecessary and rather unpicturesque vulgarity of his second act, whose surroundings and personages suggest the Bowery rather than Madison Square, without loss of time.

The question has recently been asked, what is an American play? One would think that a play by an American on an American subject, treating of or illustrating national characteristics or aspects of life readily recognizable as such, would properly answer to the name. The *Henrietta* certainly fulfils these requirements, for in its treatment of certain well-known aspects of distinctively American life it is perhaps the most distinctively American play that has been written. The best proof of this is that though from a dramatic stand-point possessing an exceptionally strong and interesting story, the *Henrietta* failed entirely in England, our English cousins being entirely unable to realize or appreciate as natural the phases of life and society depicted, because totally unfamiliar. The *Henrietta* is more than likely to occupy a permanent place in our national dramatic literature, as it seems to possess all the requisite elements of lasting popularity, in that it is palpably true to nature. Mr. Robson certainly is never seen to better advantage than as Bertie the Lamb, and his rare artistic tact and skilful comic touch make the eccentricities of a character whose absurdity borders on burlesque not only attractive, but even logical, consistent, and natural. His support in the main is adequate, though Mr. MacIntyre made the character of Nicholas Van Austin unnecessarily repulsive and disagreeable. This young man is simply a product of that nineteenth-century worship of the golden calf which absorbs every other feeling and destroys every natural and moral affection and sentiment; he is a villain rather through the force of circumstances than through choice. It is no disparagement to the artistic work and genuine humor of Mr. Woodward that he did not succeed in making one forget Mr Crane as the Giant of the Street.

Mr. Wilson Barrett marked the last week of his engagement by presenting a triple bill of unusual interest. His art is perhaps more attractive, more genuinely and picturesquely natural, in Henry Arthur Jones's delightful sketch, *A Clerical Error*, than in anything else he does. Mr. Barrett's quiet repose and convincing sincerity in this piece were in decided contrast to the somewhat morbid sentiment and intense sentimentality of Chatterton, which appeared overstrained. Dr. Weir Mitchell should certainly object to Mr. Barrett's perversion of his fanciful dramatic conceit, *The Miser*, for Mr. Barrett has turned into a rather meaningless and decidedly unpleasant tragic fragment what was in the original a fanciful, almost allegorical, bit of poetic thought with a supernatural turn and a happy ending.

The double bill, consisting of versions of *L'Ami Fritz* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*, offered by Mr. Alexander Salvini last week was also, on the whole, of decided interest. In both plays, though his work was sincere, picturesque, and full of character, Mr. Salvini gave evidence of the fact that the influence of the enthusiastic methods of romantic melodrama was not easily thrown off. It being too prodigal of dramatic effect, Mr. Salvini fails in producing that dramatic contrast which is evidently his aim, and is also at times unnecessarily vehement, energetic, and unreposeful. When all is said and done, whether as an opera, a vaudeville, or a one-act melodrama—in English, at any rate—*L'Ami Fritz* is distinctly and decidedly dull. Its minute realism, by elevating ridiculously insignificant details to a position of dramatic importance, where they become actual events, diminishes rather than increases the naturalness and interest of both situation and story. As a play it certainly needs the greatest art of the greatest actors in the greatest theatre of the world (the Théâtre Français) to give to it either life or color. *Cavalleria Rusticana*, on the other hand, whether as opera or play, is full of thrilling interest, and Mr. Salvini's impersonation of the Lothario of the little Sicilian village was instinct with character, life, and nature. Here his melodramatic methods seemed not only admissible but necessary, and his presentation of the hot-blooded, shallow, vain little Sicilian village dandy was really powerful. He was ably supported by Mr. Redmond as Alfio and by Miss Judith Berolde, who made a most effective Santuzza.

The performance of *Cavalleria Rusticana* as given at the Manhattan Opera-house lasted about an hour; not more than one-third of this time was taken up by actual dialogue, the rest being occupied by incidental music from Mascagni's opera and other sources. And yet, with the exception of one period, where Santuzza lay prone fainting on the steps of the church, the action never seemed to lag or the interest of the audience to flag. The music, though confined exclusively to the orchestra, seemed to accord admirably with the situation, and to intensify its dramatic power and significance. Does not a very pregnant suggestion for future development in dramatic music lie here? Space would not permit us to enlarge upon this subject to the extent that its interest and importance suggest and deserve, but it may be remarked *en passant* that the one field of musical composition hitherto practically untrodden and undeveloped is that of melodramatic music serving as an accompaniment to a situation or dialogue. Various composers—notably Schumann and Mendelssohn—seem to have had a dim inkling of its possibilities, but none have as yet followed out the subject to its logical conclusion. May not a music-drama in the Wagnerian sense, but without vocal music, be a possibility of the musical future?

At Chicago matters musical still seem to be somewhat troublous. A good deal of complaint is made about the high prices of admission charged for the various concerts at the exposition, and the complications resulting from Mr. Thomas's endorsement of non-exhibiting piano manufacturers are still unsolved. The appointment of a successor to or a supervisor over Mr. Thomas has not as yet been announced, though one Chicago paper made bold to publish the statement that Mr. Damrosch had been appointed to one or the other position. The fact of the matter is that some time ago musical matters at Chicago were decidedly at loose ends, and became in consequence much mixed. The positions of conductor-in-chief of the concerts of the exposition and director-general and supervisor of that conductor should manifestly not have been held by one and the same individual. Mr. Thomas has been filling this evidently incongruous position, and hence these jars where all should have been one vast harmonious whole. Altogether one gathers that the concerts thus far have been artistically successful, though the acoustics of Music Hall are said to be not of the best. Complaints are also made of a lack of popular music for the masses throughout the fair grounds. If we are to educate musically the great American public by this exposition, it will not do to shut up all the good music in one or two music halls and charge a high price of admission to get in at all.

Musical interests during the past week have been practically confined to the west side, where Mr. E. C. Stanton appropriately inaugurated his incumbency as manager of the Grand Opera-house with a season of popular and polyglot opera interpreted by the Hinrich Opera Company. Operas of the good old days, like *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, and *Maritana*, were given in a style which, if not positively up to the highest standard, was sufficiently complete and artistic to be enjoyable. Two singers not previously heard in New York, Madame Natali and Signor Campanari, made decidedly favorable impressions. Mr. Seidl also continued his concerts at Madison Square Garden, which seemed to meet with popular approval. Mr. Xaver Scharwenka, the well-known pianist, was the soloist on Wednesday evening.

This week the opening of Mr. French's new American Theatre, with the great London success, *The Prodigal Daughter*, adds another to the already lengthy list of New York theatres. The Standard Theatre, temporarily closed, again opened its doors with a three-act local farce entitled *No. 3 A*. The Bostonians began a season of comic opera at the Garden Theatre; and next door, in the Amphitheatre, transformed for the nonce into a summer garden on a large scale, a series of performances sufficiently varied to suit the taste of all, consisting of minstrels, operetta, vaudeville, and ballet "for society and the masses"—so runs the legend of the management—was inaugurated. Occasion will be taken to refer to all of these later. Madame Materna is the principal attraction at two concerts, one of selections from Wagnerian operas, including *Parsifal*, and the other, Mendelssohn's oratorio *Elijah*, given at Music Hall this week on Thursday and Friday evenings. Reginald de Koven.

A WESTERN VIEW OF SILVER.

BY THE HON. EDWARD O. WOLCOTT, U. S. SENATOR FROM COLORADO.

LIMITATIONS of space in this article necessarily exclude illustration, reference to authorities, or extended argument, and statements may seem dogmatic because brevity prevents elaboration. Warrant and authority, however, are believed to exist for every assertion made.

At the outset it must be assumed, because it is true, that the advocates of the adoption of bimetallism by the United States are animated by an unselfish devotion to the public welfare as broad, as lofty, and as ardent as the adherents of any other financial policy. They do not seek to build up one section at the expense of another. No monopoly of patriotic desire for the well-being of the whole country exists in any portion of it. The interests of the East and West are interwoven in countless ways, and must be practically identical. Your capital has made possible the development of our resources; our industry and courage have opened a fertile field for your investments.

The far West—and I speak of the section west of the 100th meridian—is practically a unit in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver, through international agreement and adoption if possible, but if not, then by the United States without European co-operation.

The advocates of this policy are found in all the political parties. They have, as bimetallists, no necessary or natural affiliations with the Populist party, so called, nor are they to be classed with cranks or socialists. Adherence to the conviction that silver should be restored to its old position as a money metal is consistent with a belief, as to other questions, in the principles of either of the great political parties. The vast majority of the people cherishing these convictions are solvent, intelligent, thoughtful citizens, to whom the national well-being and the stability of our institutions are as dear as life itself. They have no sympathy with paternalism, or with any movement which shall rob human effort of the fruits of industry and ability. The overwhelming vote which this great section polled for the Populist ticket at the last election was not because of its belief in or sympathy with the general gospel of discontent which that party preached in its platform, but solely that it might emphasize its protest against the indifference or hostility with which bimetallism was treated by both the great parties.

"Time ripens all things." A few years ago the advocate of free coinage of silver was looked upon as belonging in the army of the long-haired. To-day probably nine-tenths of the American people are convinced of the insufficiency of the gold supply and the wisdom of bimetallism, and there is hardly a writer on political economy or a student of finance who does not advocate it. Men differ widely, it is true, upon the vital question as to whether the United States can safely embark upon the policy of free coinage without European co-operation, and as to the wisest method of inducing other nations to join in the re-establishment of the two metals; but as to the desirability of bimetallism there is little disagreement. It is doubtful at this moment whether the Brussels conference, the American delegates to which are gentlemen of great ability, will reach any definite agreement, but as an educator of the public mind the conference has done and will do incalculable good.

The people of the West are not governed in their demand for free coinage by the fact that certain Western States are large producers of silver. It is true that the mining industry is a most important one, giving employment, directly and indirectly, to more than a million people, and that its destruction means vast disaster to many communities, railroads, and manufacturing enterprises; and the realization of this undoubtedly intensifies the feeling of certain sections on the subject. The West believes in the free coinage of silver because its people have been taught, as has the whole civilized world outside the money centres, that the stock of gold in the world is insufficient for the needs of the world in the transaction of its business, and that the annual supply applicable for coinage by no means keeps pace with the growing demands of commerce and increasing population, the development of vast areas of country, new industries which invention and enterprise are creating, and the infinite and constantly extending needs for money as a medium of exchange in new communities remote from old commercial centres. The general fall of values during the past twenty years is attributable to the appreciation in the value of gold, owing to its limited and insufficient supply, and followed the general demonetization of silver by some countries and the closing of the mints of other countries to the further coinage of silver. This general and continued fall in prices benefits nobody, unless it be annuitants, of whom there are few in this country, and is the cause of vast suffering and impoverishment the world over. The United States has suffered less than other countries, because of the additional circulation which silver purchases have afforded us, but we share in the depression because of the intimate relation of our markets with those of Europe. Some day, possibly after another generation of further decline in values and still greater suffering and poverty, the wrong will be righted, and silver again assume its share in sustaining the needed volume of money. We do not believe it wise to wait the day of European consent. We live in the open, where all around us are the evidences of the vast progress already made, and the sure promise of future growth and prosperity. We are builders of the new; our eyes rest on countless acres whose virgin soil knows yet no furrow, and on hill and mountain where the iron and coal lie waiting the energy of man and the growing needs of a vast people who shall inhabit the land. We reflect that the products of these United States two years ago aggregated in value thirteen thousand millions of dollars, that no other land presents a tithe of our possibilities for the future; and we cherish the conviction that if this great people shall restore silver to the pedestal from which it was treacherously overthrown, no financial disturbance will follow. We are a hard-money people, believing in the coinage of both gold and silver as money—a coinage contemplated by the Constitution and sanctioned by generations of usage. Legislation degraded silver, as it would degrade gold if it should be demonetized; legislation must restore it.

The legislation since silver was demonetized, in the line of restoring its use, pleases nobody, and is vicious in that it makes silver a commodity. The Sherman act of 1890 increases the purchases, but the storage of silver as bullion, uncoined, is a menace to Europe, which fears it may be dumped as merchandise on the foreign market. Bad as it is, however, the Sherman act has been of infinite benefit to the country. The increased circulation it afforded prevented widespread financial disaster when the Argentine losses and the Baring failure occurred. Since its passage we have prospered greatly in comparison with other countries, and its repeal would mean further financial embarrassment.

The opponents of silver, on the theory, probably, of giving "a dog a bad name," have laid every financial trouble that has arisen for years at the door of the white metal. For instance, existing silver legislation, or the conditions which it has produced, has no more to do with the present gold stringency and gold shipments than has the Bering Sea dispute. If we had only gold coinage, if silver was unknown in our financial system, the gold would go exactly as it is going to-day, and as it will continue to go as long as and whenever the balance of trade, including the payment of coupons held abroad and the expenditures of Americans on the other side, is against us. The difficulty is at present augmented by the fact that there is not even enough gold for Europe; and Russia, in contemplation of the possibility of future wars, and Austria for purposes of remonetization, are buying gold in the United States because they can purchase it more readily here than in Europe. There is less gold in England than a few months ago, notwithstanding American shipments. Silver is dragged into the consideration of the subject by the assertion that if we had a stable financial basis—which is presumed to mean if we ceased purchasing silver—Europe would have confidence in us, which is now withdrawn, and would reinvest the money she draws from the country in our securities. The facts do not warrant the statement.

The great losses sustained by English investors in South America, followed by financial disasters at home, and more recently in the colonies, compelled many foreign holders to open their strong boxes and realize on their American securities. These securities, principally railway bonds, are largely payable, principal and interest, in gold; others are payable in lawful money. The securities returning for sale come indifferently in either sort, and without reference to the material in which they are payable. There are millions of dollars' worth of American railway stocks, such as the stock of the Pennsylvania, the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, and other dividend-paying railroads, also held abroad. These stocks rarely come back, because the least desirable securities come first, and the stocks often pay larger dividends on cost than the railway bonds, yet the dividends on the stock are payable "in lawful money," and not specifically in gold. There is no distrust abroad of American securities or American standards of value.

To this may be added the fact, which any New York banker will verify, that a few weeks since, when England had a breathing-spell after its losses elsewhere, a renewed and healthy demand sprung up for our securities, which was checked apparently by the Reading failure. It is somewhat surprising that silver was not blamed for this *fiasco*. The truth is that the credit of the United States is of the highest character. The investing world knows that its obligations are and always will be sacredly redeemed, and whatever may be our financial policy, our currency will never be debased or degraded.

An international coinage agreement would be of incalculable benefit, but without it the United States, with free coinage at the present ratio, would maintain the parity of the metals. Gold would not leave the country, except as it would go in any event to pay our debts abroad, nor would it reach a premium or be hoarded. There is no stock of silver in the world to be dumped in this country, nor is the production greater than the need for it as coin. France, with fewer resources and a much smaller population, fought the fight for the double standard successfully, and maintained the parity of gold and silver for seventy years. The United States can maintain the integrity of the metals with equal success, and until the other civilized nations of the world, tired of the depression and suffering brought about by an insufficient supply of gold appreciated far above its normal value, will return to the double standard of both gold and silver, the production of which from decade to decade seems limited by nature to the increasing needs of a growing world.

There must come, before many years, the resumption of bimetallism in Europe. Its advent would probably be hastened by action by the United States in any one of three ways:

First. By the purchase of gold by the United States. If the United States should issue not fifty but three or five hundred millions of bonds, and with the proceeds should buy gold abroad, the supply needed in Europe being already insufficient, the probable effect would be to compel other nations to re-enforce the yellow metal with the white at some parity. The people of the United States, however, would never tolerate a loan for the purchase of gold, an addition to the interest-bearing debt contracted for such a purpose, and the political party that attempted it would be repudiated at the polls.

Second. The unconditional repeal of the Sherman act would perhaps force Europe to some adequate measure for the protection of its vast accumulated billions of silver now in existence as coin. Such action would work incalculable injury to the people of the United States before relief could come. The immediate repeal of all tariff duties of every sort would bring about not nearly so great a calamity.

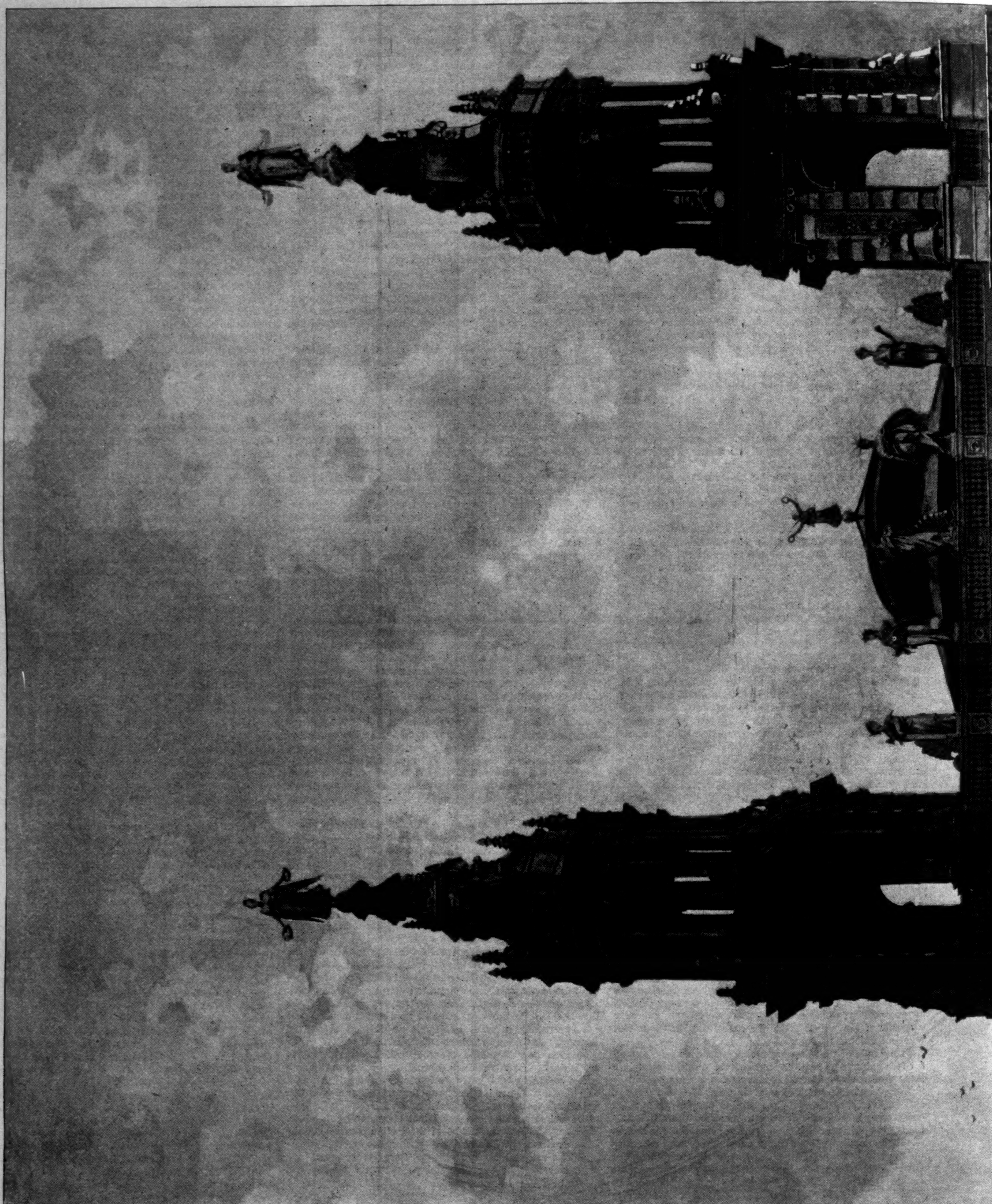
Third. By the inauguration of the free and unlimited coinage of silver by the United States, and the coinage of the bullion now in the Treasury, silver would at once return to its former value of $1 29 per ounce; the amount offered for coinage would probably not exceed, if it equalled, the number of ounces now purchased, and with the resumption of free coinage by the United States and the re-establishment of its value, France would soon again open her mints to silver, and Great Britain, in view of the great India interest, would probably follow with a measure recognizing silver to some extent, though perhaps a limited one.

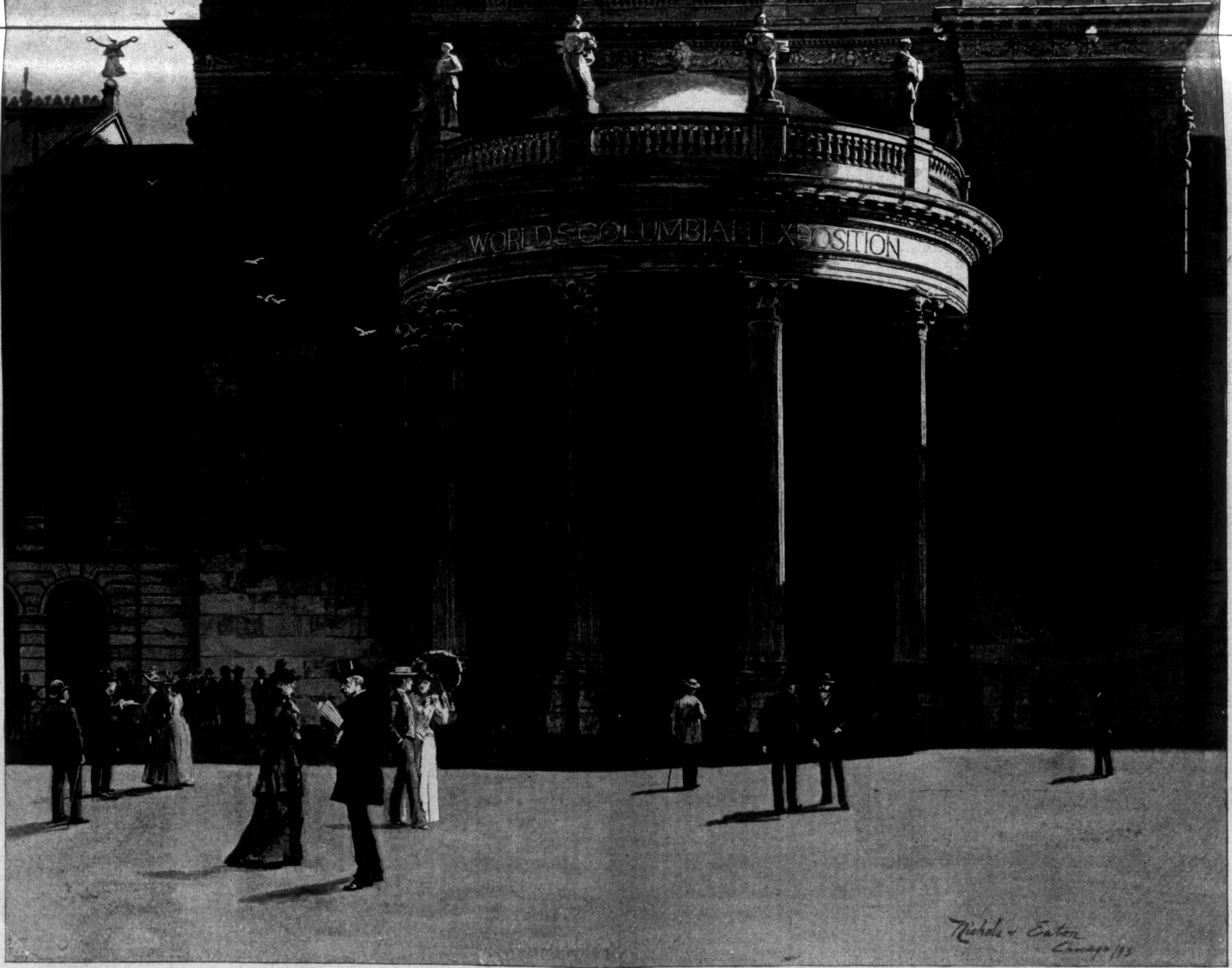
A Western view of silver would be incomplete if reference were not made to the silly assertions by some Eastern writers and speakers that the cost of producing silver is something far below its market value, and this is advanced as an argument against its restoration as a money metal. Almost since the world began men have spent their lives and efforts in the search for the precious metals. The prospector is hardy, brave, hopeful, enduring privations, and risking life in his work. If he finds the rich pocket his fortune is made. Fifty fail where one succeeds, but the search goes on. The hills and mountains of the mineral-bearing belt are dotted all over with prospect holes and shafts which showed no pay mineral; there are vast workings abandoned because the mineral was too low in grade to work, and the valleys below show scores of dismantled mills deserted because the process was unfit for the ores, or because the mines had ceased to yield. When the pocket is found the profit for a time is often large, but take every element into consideration which goes into the cost of the search for silver and compare it with the yield, and there is no doubt that every ounce of silver has cost more than its value. A few years ago one of the placer mines in Colorado yielded one hundred dollars a day to the man. That particular gold cost less than a dollar an ounce to produce. Near by there were hundreds of men working in other gulches who found nothing. Was the cost of producing gold a dollar an ounce? A man once in Australia was riding across the country, when his horse stumbled over a nugget worth twenty thousand dollars, or thereabouts. Did that find serve to determine the cost of gold? Nineteen merchants out of twenty are said to fail. Would you measure the profits of mercantile business by those of two or three of the great New York establishments?

The sum of the labor and expenses incurred in the search for the precious metals is greater than the value of the precious metals produced, and this will be the fact as long as Mother Earth continues to hide her secrets in her bosom, and as long as the breast of man is filled with hope.

The intensity of feeling existing in the West in favor of the free coinage of silver can hardly be comprehended in the East. It is of infinitely greater moment to this great section than any other question of governmental policy, and while it is unsettled, party cries sound small and party ties have little strength. If either of the two great political parties would declare in favor of free coinage, that party would receive the overwhelming vote in many of the new States. The sentiment of a majority of the States of the Union is in accord with the far West. The South, which is vitally interested, is practically unanimous in favor of free coinage. The bogie of the force bill still dominated that section during the last election, although its ghost is forever laid. The absurd platform and still more absurd leadership of the Populist party kept thousands from voting its ticket. Party ties are still strong, and we love the traditions and cherish the record of the party to which we belong. If, however, neither party shall afford the relief which the people believe they need, and which they believe is consonant with the best interests of our country, there will surely come a time when from out of the two existing parties a third will come which shall unite the great South and West in common cause. Presidential patronage is powerful and the bribe of office is alluring, but neither patronage, nor office, nor party tradition will forever choke an intelligible and effectual demand for the restoration of silver to its place as a money metal.

Edwd O. Wolcott.





COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—NORTH ENTRANCE TO MACHINERY BUILDING.—Drawn by Nichols and Eaton.

A DAY WITH A CHINAMAN.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

The Chinatown of Victoria, Vancouver Island, is really a considerable town in itself, and harbors perhaps as many Mongolian souls as there are in New York and its suburbs. As a large proportion of these Chinamen have never been further into the country than that seaport, their lives in that colony are often merely transferred, without being transformed by Occidental influence.

The houses are not peculiar; they are what the Chinese have leased. But in all other respects the sights and people—and the smells—are those of China. You never feel that in Mott Street, New York. Here one is certain to see as many Caucasians as Chinamen in the Chinese colony, but there the traffic of the streets is almost all Chinese. The poorer men and laborers go about in queer hats of straw or cloth, shaped precisely like inverted bowls, and many of them carry burdens by means of yokes balanced across their shoulders. The women dress as they did in China, and the funny little moon-faced babies and children are very numerous, and startlingly like the dolls one sees in Chinese bric-à-brac stores. The merchants and rich men of the colony are proudly and often exquisitely dressed, and a glance at their faces shows that they are not of the same element represented by the coolie Chinamen—almost the only kind that we see in the East.

The legends on the sign-boards of the stores are all Chinese, the sounds of two-stringed fiddles and of nasal kettle-drums issue from the alleyways and upper stories, the smell of sandal-wood and burning prayer-sticks weights the air, and as one picks his way through the soft-footed, loose-clothed crowds, every voice he hears is singsong and pitched in a high key.

It was on the principal street of stores in this Chinatown that I met one of the leading merchants, Mr. Mongkow. I met him by stopping in his store and discovering that he spoke English. His was one of the largest establishments in the place, and he seemed a man of great influence and wealth. It is always impossible for a stranger to them to calculate the age of Chinamen, but Mr. Mongkow was distinctly a young man. He was just as distinctly a refined and honorable man. In his face he possessed the beauty of a young Hebrew girl. It was round, and without a care mark; its complexion was a rich blending of the olive with the rose; his nose and mouth were exquisitely shaped, and his eyes were large and dark and soft. He was very richly dressed. For a hat he wore a skull-cap of lilac silk shaped like half a ball. His coat was a wide-sleeved, voluminous garment of purple with red trimmings and buttons; his trousers were of the hue of his cap, and on his feet were beautiful embroidered shoes.

Upon hearing that his visitors were from New York, and were curious to know something about his countrymen, he led us up a stairway to a room over his store, where the goggle-eyed clerks were weighing goods upon scales that they held in their hands, and where the stock was all done up in parcels upon rows of shelves. The room to which we were shown was a private office on the second floor, where, he said, it was his custom to entertain other merchants whenever they came to visit or to barter with him.

At the first glance the apartment seemed as rigidly plain as a priest's parlor, but a study of the appointments showed them to be of very costly character. The only articles of furniture were a table and some chairs, but each of these was made of teak-wood, delicately hand-carved and very old. Although Mr. Mongkow made no signal and spoke to no one, a Chinese servant followed him to this room, and there received an order for champagne. Two quart bottles of this wine were brought, and it was noticeable that no attempt had been made to cool them by the application of ice. Mr. Mongkow, in asking us to drink with him, explained that he kept champagne for his American visitors; that he entertained his countrymen with tea. He told us that he had learned to speak English in a Sunday-school in San Francisco, and that reminded me how very many times I had heard, and have since heard, Chinamen say the same thing. I cannot speak for them, but for myself can say that as many as twenty have told me they went to our Sunday-schools solely to learn English and English ways; and when I add that each of them with whom I have become acquainted has plainly shown me that he entertains no idea of rejecting the religion of his country, it seems to me that there is a chance to draw a conclusion as to the religious value of the missionary work going on all around us among the Chinese. Mr. Mongkow explained that he had three names—his own name, his business name, and the name he got in Sunday-school in San Francisco. He did not speak English sufficiently well to make me understand more than this fact. Why he had the three names I could not comprehend. He told me that the names of companies and what appeared to be firm names on the signs over Chinese stores were not names in our understanding of the term, but mottoes. And the name of his corporation, being translated into English, meant "The Old and Famous Trustworthy Company." I took no note of it, but when I say that the words "Wong Ti Foo" are thoroughly suggestive of his company's name, it will be conjectured that his explanation applies to the generality of Chinese signs that we see.

After our visit in his store we were invited to join him that evening at the Chinese theatre. It was a barnlike building, and contained a pit for those who paid a small admission fee, and a gallery for the women and the well-to-do. The women were all seated together on benches at one of the ends of the horseshoe-shaped gallery. They came to the theatre bareheaded, and scrambled over the backs of the seats to take their places. In doing so they caused frequent revelations of those parts of their dresses which were meant to be concealed, exposing slippers very much like those that the men wore, and a curious bandaging of their ankles between their trousers and slippers; but whether the bandage was some form of stocking, or a mere method of fastening the under-clothing, it was impossible to see. These women were all immoral, and we were informed that it was not considered in good taste to be seen looking at them.

The theatre filled completely before the play began. The stage possessed no curtain and no scenery. High up in the wall behind it was a little window, behind which it was the habit of the actors to sit and watch the play during such times as they were not upon the stage. For instance, if a man were killed in the first act, he went up to this window and sat there in full view of the audience; or if a woman announced that her child was being eaten by a tiger and she must hurry to save it, she simply hurried to this window and sat down.

The first persons to appear on the stage were the musicians, four or five in number, with as many of those most singularly shaped and alarmingly toned instruments with which the well-informed are already familiar. The world's education is too far advanced to describe the Chinese play here. As I looked at the crudities of the stage machinery and management it occurred to me that these were not so very much more rude than the beginnings of our own dramatic methods. After all, we began without scenery, and with a herald to announce whatever we had no other means of conveying to the comprehension of the assemblage, and so do the Chinese in their plays.

With Mr. Mongkow to interpret it, the performance was really interesting. The play was *The Romance of a Poor Young Man*. The story was of a time of political corruption, in which an emperor became satisfied that some persons who were building a palace for him were robbing him. He rescinded his contract with them, and then fell into a state of wild despair over his inability to find an honest man to build the palace. In the mean time the poor young hero had been swimming imaginary floods, had been fighting pasteboard lions and slaying them, had been resisting the blandishments of his sweetheart, who had no patience with his ambitious desires, and finally reached the emperor and read the placard announcing his Majesty's search for an honest man to build the palace. He may have been honest, but he became fabulously wealthy out of the building of the palace. And there that night's section of the play stopped. By attending the theatre for two or three nights longer I could have learned the rest of this interesting drama.

During the play I noticed that the members of the imaginary nobility whenever they sat down were very careful to bring their heels on a line only two inches apart and to turn out their toes pigeon-fashion. I asked Mr. Mongkow why they did this, and he told me it was because they were gentlemen, and that he would not dream of sitting down among polite persons or before the camera of a photographer without being careful to dispose of his feet in the same manner.

On the next day Mr. Mongkow took us to the Joss-house, which, I noticed, he always pronounced as if it were spelled "Jose" house. It is an ordinary three-story brick building, very much like a plain dwelling, except that it has a piazza before its second story, and from that piazza flags are swung on special occasions. It cost the Chinamen $18,000, but the appointments of the temple on the second floor cost almost half as much beside. I don't think that if I had strayed into it without a guide I should have suspected it was a temple. It was rather like a museum, almost packed with Chinese curios. Against the walls were cabinets of gilded wood and teak, and stacks of strange axes, helmets, shields, spears, and other arms and armor, fashioned as if for giants. From the ceiling depended richly decorated lanterns of paper and silk and lamps of glass and hand-carved woods, signs in gold and green, and banners heavily fringed and gorgeously embroidered. On the floor stood two very large altars, both shaped so little like any devices of our own that it is difficult to give the reader an idea of their appearance. Mainly constructed of glass and gilded wood, they suggested one of Barnum's or the Lord Mayor's pageant wagons more than anything else, except that they were without wheels, of course. They were not like either our altars or our cabinets, but were rather large boxes whose sides were carved into open-work, whose tops were heaped with gods and figures and lamps, and whose backs rose above the tops in a continuation of gilding and mirror-glass. The effect of all the appointments of the room was glittering and gorgeous. If none of the details were expensive, the total cost was still evidently very great. The ceiling and walls were almost hidden, so great was the number of ornaments. The chief Joss was a dwarfed figure of a king clad in gold, and wearing a golden crown with red streamers flowing from it. He sat in a little niche in the hindermost of the altars. Before his feet were many bunches of paper flowers and peacocks' feathers, and six cups of tea were spread before him against a possibility of his becoming thirsty.

An accommodating Chinaman offered to pray to his god, that we might see how it was done. As a preliminary he went to the farther end of the great hall and summoned an attendant by knocking on a door. The attendant came out, bringing a pillow-shaped cushion of red carpet, which he flung down before the altar in front of the one bearing the image of the god.

The devotee produced some money and made a bargain with the priest—if priest he was—for a candle and some prayer-sticks. These the attendant obtained by going behind a counter which I had not noticed before. It was placed a couple of feet from the wall opposite the entrance to the room. It was startlingly like a counter in a store, and in a lot of little cubby-holes behind it the man kept candles, prayer-sticks, and tiny billets of paper, which, we were informed, were the prayers themselves. He handed the devotee a dozen or more of those little pencils of punk which we call prayer-sticks, and the purchaser, after lighting the sticks, bunched them together in one hand, while he sank upon the pillow on his knees. Holding the burning sticks in that position, he bowed several times, bringing his forehead almost to the floor. He then arose and put three or four of the burning prayer-sticks in a box at the door of the temple, and three or four others in a pot on the balcony outside the windows. He then lighted his candle and carried it to the rear altar, where he placed it in front of Joss. At the same moment a servant came, and in the most vigorous fashion beat a beautiful drum. This drum was held in air, higher than a man's head, by means of a frame-work set in the wall. The drum was decorated in green and gold, and was the shape of a great hat-box, with one end of skin and one end of wood. When the servant had pounded the drum as long as he thought necessary, and twice as long as we deemed sufficient, he walked to the other side of the room, and taking up a metal hammer, began to beat a large, loud bronze bell in the same way. Mr. Mongkow explained that this was to notify Joss that somebody was in his house saying his prayers, the supposition being that Joss might be asleep or off on a visit. At all events, it was considered best to notify him. While these alarms were sounding, the devotee prostrated himself on his knees and palms, and lifted and lowered his body several times, bringing his forehead close to the floor with each movement. Then he arose and went to the counter and purchased a prayer. He said he desired one intended for a man about to embark on a ship. The prayer was handed to him upon a little platter, such as those upon which grocers serve butter to small purchasers. He lighted the prayer, and he held it while it was reduced to smoke and ashes. Then he threw the cinders and platter in the stove. That was the end of the ceremony.

In the temple Mr. Mongkow showed me a picture of an almond-eyed, bearded gentleman, and told me that the personage's name was Qua Gee, and that he was venerated because he had attained the ripe age of 230 years, and was married to one wife 200 years and had 100 children by her. I asked him why so many of the deities, or saints, or whatever they were, were pictured with beards, and why I had noticed that some of the notables on the stage, the night before, had worn false beards. He said that the reason was that a few centuries ago beards were common in China, and therefore most of the heroes and gods were pictured with beards. He added that beards were very much admired by his countrymen—a statement that surprised me very much, as I had somehow obtained an impression that the Chinese regard beards as unclean adornments, and have religiously destroyed them for centuries, just as our Indians have done.

A queer revelation of Chinese customs was made during my talks with Mr. Mongkow. He said that he very much wished to see New York. "But," said he, "it all depends upon my mother. I fear that the old lady, who is getting well along in years, may decide to have me go to China and take the place of the head of her house."

"But what will you do with your business?" he was asked.

"Why, I will have to sell it," said he. "I have been expecting to have to do so for a year."

"What! you don't mean to say that at the command of your mother you would abandon a business that you have built to such proportions?"

"You don't understand," said he, with an amused expression. "In China we have to do what our parents say as long as they live. It is merely a different form of obedience from yours, and not a bit more troublesome than yours. In America you do what your wives say; in China we begin and end by obeying our parents."

From the white people I heard many interesting things about the Chinese. I repeat what I heard, and for what it may be worth. The most intelligent white men told me that the Chinese were at once feared and regarded as indispensable. White labor is extremely difficult to get on the Pacific coast. The population is apt to consist largely of men who come out in the hope of "striking it rich," as they say, and who will hope to strike it rich until they die. They work only semi-occasionally, and then principally to obtain the means to go from one place to another, where rumor says there is profitable mining. The Chinamen, on the other hand, are permanently there, are industrious, and can be cheaply employed. If they were not there it would scarcely pay the white men to clear a place of its jungle and timber; but if purchasers of land go to a Chinese employer and make an offer of $40 an acre, or thereabouts, they will see the land instantly swarm with Chinamen, and almost as speedily become transformed into tillable ground. Sometimes the Chinamen will contract to clear land in return for the use of it for a certain period, and they are such excellent gardeners and are so industrious and frugal that a short lease of it returns them ample profit.

The Chinese only stay an average of four years, but, as the white men say, they cannot take away the houses they have built, the clear ground they have produced, or the railroads or vegetable farms that their labor has constructed. For instance, they cannot take away Victoria, and they have done more to make room for its recent growth than any other agency.

The Chinese railroad laborer gets $1 25 a day; a white man wants $1 75 to $2. The immense fish-canning business that is done on the coast is performed by Chinese. The whites do not like either the work or the wages. The work in the canneries is all performed in eight weeks of each year. The Chinese leave the hundred and odd other forms of their labor and supply this demand. It would be impossible to find white men for that eight weeks of work.

As servants they are very capable in many respects, and very undesirable in others. They never gossip about the affairs of a family that employs them. They learn whatever it is desired they should know, acquiring skill with apparent ease by means of their wonderful power of imitation. They are perfectly willing to do every sort of household work, and the average servant will act as cook, chambermaid, launderer, and waiter all at once for one salary. They cannot bear to be ordered about by women. They will take any amount of scolding or fault-finding from a man, and none from a woman. In two cases of which I heard the Chinese servants chased their mistresses out of their houses with axes. A very vexatious thing is that they never give warning when they are going to leave a place. They suddenly announce, "Me want to go," and the utmost questioning is not likely to elicit any more than "Me want to go; me tired." One lady in Victoria told me that she moved from one house to another, and employed a new servant. He staid an hour. The next one staid an afternoon; the next one staid a day. Puzzled and worried, she persuaded one who was about to leave her to tell her why he was dissatisfied. He took her to the sink in the kitchen, and showed her a peculiar mark in chalk under the sink. It was a notification by one servant to all the others that the head of the house was not kind or honest in his dealings with his servants. She explained that she had but just moved into the house, and the servant took off his street apparel and remained with her. But he told her that whenever a Chinaman came to work in a new place he always looked through all the pots and pans and kettles and cupboards for some piece of paper or mark of some kind left by preceding servants, and explaining the character of the house.

Among the ignorant white people there and on the coast of British Columbia the only form of superiority in the Chinese that you hear praised is their cunning. You will hear how they pretend not to speak English when they know it very well; how cleverly they smuggle opium and themselves over our border; how they band themselves together to protect their own criminals. You will hear that the thieves wear false pigtails, which come loose when the police catch hold of them by that appendage. But a very different account of them is given by their competitors in business, and by the most intelligent students of their progress. The best-informed men on the coast admit that centuries of competition in commerce have developed in the Chinaman a degree of ability that makes him a rival to be feared. I have said that the Chinese monopolize the market-gardening; so they do the shrimp-fishing; so also the labor in the canneries. In other lines they are rapidly becoming monopolists. In California, in the making of shirts and low-priced cigars, in the control of the pork trade, in the making of women's underclothes, and several other important businesses, they are leading or strongly competing with the white men. In the various lines they follow they learn to use the most modern machinery, and when they start for themselves they raise the money with which to equip themselves therewith.

The most peculiar Chinaman I saw was a druggist in the heart of the Victoria Chinese colony. He was a little dried-up, leather-skinned old fellow wearing a pair of the most enormous and weird goggles. A Chinaman came to his

shop and handed him a prescription, and I saw him make it up. Among the ingredients that he put in the compound were a part of a dried lizard, a piece of dried snake-skin, some beetles, and some herbs. When he had gathered a teacupful of these strange things he emptied them out of the paper in which he had gathered them, and into a trough scooped out of a plate of iron that lay on the floor. That piece of iron was his mortar. He next took an instrument like a rolling-pin—an iron roller with a long handle at either end—and laid that upon the trough. Then he reached up to the ceiling, caught hold of two loops of leather, lifted himself above the ground, put his feet upon the handles of the roller, and rolled the implement to and fro until he had ground the drugs to the fineness of flour.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS, OF SCHOHARIE, ON THE WORLD'S FAIR.

LIKE several other fellers with more time than common-sense,
I went out to Chicago for to see the fair commence;
And such a muddle as was there I never seed before,
Not even when they're takin' stock up at our country store.

There was things that I thought was fine. They had one buildin' there
So big 'twould cover up my farm, with lots o' room to spare;
An' I ain't wanderin' from the truth an atom when I states
The grounds would hold Schoharie and its subbubs in their gates.

Some fellers said the architexture was so very fine,
An' mebbe 'twas, but I don't want much of that sort in mine.
It seemed to me like some big lot of statchers broken loose,
With gables, balconies, an' things of very little use.

An' one thing that they thought was fine jest kept me on the smile:
A great long stilted thingumbob they called a Perry stile.
Up in Schoharie Perry 'd find himself a-feelin' flat
If he should try to sell us folks a stile or two like that.

As for the show, I s'pose 'twas good, but my! most of the things
They had there wasn't no more use than dudes or diamond rings;
Pianners, as was no more good to folks as couldn't play
Than jest so many snow-storms when you haven't got a sleigh.

An' ploughs an' harrers built so big you couldn't make 'em go
Without enough o' horseflesh for to run a tallyho;
An' slews an' slews of other things of jest the same poor kind,
That wouldn't please Schoharie while Schoharie had her mind.

An' so I thinks, an' so I says, Chicago's welcome to
The show she's got, and if she's pleased, what's that to me an' you?
Schoharie hasn't got no need for feelin' envious
Because Chicago had a pull an' got the fair from us.

An' when next autumn comes around, unless there's some mistake,
These foreign visitors will call Chicago's show a fake,
If they will only take the time to come here and compare
The Jackson Park exhibit with Schoharie's County Fair.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE SWEDISH TRICENTENNIAL.

THREE hundred years ago, in the quaint old town of Upsala, in the far-away land of the Swedes, religious freedom was forever established by the promulgation of a decree which gave to this hardy people that splendid panoply for peace or war, liberty of conscience, liberty of speech. This week, in the city of Minneapolis, which has become the new home of so many thousands of the sons and daughters of Scandinavia, there was celebrated on a scale of unusual brilliancy the tricentennial of this great event.

Prince Karl, afterwards Charles IX., was occupying the throne of Sweden on the 20th of March, 1593, while his brother Sigismund was absent in Poland. Since the 5th of that March a council had been sitting in Upsala, and at the end, after the most careful consideration, this decree was adopted as the basis of religious freedom in Sweden.

For many weeks the Swedes of America had been planning for this celebration. Preparations had been made for the accommodation of full twenty thousand visitors from the West and Northwest. The thousands who have been in Minneapolis in attendance upon the Jubilee—which the celebration has been named—have found that hearty and wholesome welcome which no people in the world more freely accord. The exercises were to have been held on the actual anniversary of the issuance of the decree, the 20th of March, but it was found necessary to postpone them to the 22d and 23d of May.

The exercises were held in the large auditorium of the exposition building, which has been remodelled, since the National Republican Convention, into a very compact and at the same time commodious and permanent auditorium, one of the largest in America.

No nation loves music more fervently than the Swedes, and those who have made the New World their home have lost none of this love in the journey over seas. So it was arranged that as fine an orchestra and as fine a chorus of Swedish singers as could be gathered in the land should be trained for the event. Nearly a hundred picked performers made up the orchestra, while about one thousand voices were heard in the magnificent choral work. Rare soloists rendered the more florid music, while oratorio and hymns of noble movement and sonorous chants gave the great chorus opportunity for such display as comes not save where royal voices and splendid themes are joined in happy wedlock.

The first evening of the Jubilee was taken up with a sacred concert. All through the exercises of the succeeding day the choral and orchestral work was a fine feature.

Many of the most prominent speakers, lay and clerical, among the Swedes of America, were in attendance, and spoke eloquent words in touch with the spirit of the occasion. There was a strong probability that Prince Bernadotte, whose morganatic marriage not long since, by which he voluntarily gave up his right of succession to the throne, was noted in this country, would be present; but in a cordial letter he expressed his regret that his duties as the head of the navy of Sweden prevented his acceptance of the invitation. He spoke in terms of warm praise of the city of Minneapolis, which he recognized as the home of so many thousands of his countrymen in America. Bishop Scheele, of Sweden, one of the most noted prelates of the Swedish Lutheran Church on either side of the ocean, was a prominent figure in the assemblage.

A cantata was composed for the occasion by Professor R. Lagerstrom, one of the prominent members of the church, and it was sung with excellent effect. A poem, written by the Rev. L. Holmes, was also an interesting feature of the jubilee.

The Jubilee has been an important event in the history of a race right worthy the safe place it holds in the New as well as the Old World.

W. S. HARWOOD.

NICARAGUA.

THE well-known Spanish writer Baroness Wilson, who has made a careful study of South America during her travels through that country, has authorized the writer to glean for this little sketch from her celebrated work *América y sus Mujeres*.

Nicaragua was discovered by Gil Gonzaley de Avila, and for many years formed one of the fifteen provinces of Guatemala, while Leon was the capital. This city is of slight commercial value nowadays, but in spite of its ruined condition it still retains a semblance of its ancient splendor. The cathedral was built in 1780, and this ancient structure is both beautiful and unique. President Sacaza resides near the park, which he has improved and beautified. And the latest news from Nicaragua is that he is intrenched in Leon with the government forces, while the revolutionists hold Granada, Masaya, and other towns.

The National Palace in the capital is a handsome building, as may be seen by the illustration. Managua was chosen for the capital on account of the rivalry and jealousy between the cities of Leon and Granada. The houses are usually built one story high, and are large and spacious, but very simply furnished, as the people are more fond of comfort than of style, and the life they lead in Nicaragua is simple and patriarchal. They are kind-hearted and hospitable; their purse is always open to the needy, and their hearts ready to sympathize with the unfortunate; and they are invaluable friends, but bitter enemies.

The view of Greytown gives a slight idea of the luxuriance of tropical foliage, while the white house with green blinds reveals the presence of a thrifty Anglo-Saxon resident by its prim aspect and the tidy appearance of the grounds.

Baroness Wilson was the first woman to cross the canal in a steamboat, and she was attended by the Prefect and several other officials, as she was a guest of the nation. This trip across the canal was taken on February 29, 1892.

We give a view of the Managua Lake, with the national fleet, and the lofty heights of Momotombito in the background.

Jaguars, bear, black tigers, and other wild beasts abound in the forests, while serpents, vipers, snakes, and other reptiles infest the woods. Thousands of butterflies flutter through the air over the plains, and they are remarkable for the gaudy and brilliant colors of their wings. Nicaragua is not exempt from poisonous scorpions, tarantulas, and hornets, as well as other venomous insects which make life a burden to the traveller in tropical climes, and sometimes cause him to forget the beauties of the tropical scenery which so charm the eye.

Nicaragua has about 300,000 inhabitants. It is rich in natural resources, such as gold, silver, copper, and quicksilver. The fragrant cedar wood is a favorite article of exportation, as well as indigo and coffee. But sugar-cane is the plant which flourishes most luxuriantly in that country, and it attains such a growth that the sugar plantations often resemble woods, the stalks are so thick and large.

There are seven universities or colleges, and medical and law schools both in Leon and Granada.

President Sacaza is about fifty years old, and he has a firm will of his own; is a man of decided character, who will brook no opposition, although in private life he is affable and mild. He is very fond of his wife, so much so that they still appear to be in their honey-moon, although they have been married many years.

Nicaragua attained its independence and emancipated itself from Spanish rule in 1821, and the anniversary of that event is always celebrated on the 15th of September with great rejoicings.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

GENERAL SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG.

GENERAL SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG, who died at Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute on Thursday, May 11th, was one of the most self-sacrificing philanthropists of his time. He was born a little more than fifty-four years ago in the Sandwich Islands. His father was a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, and his mother was a Chapman from Massachusetts. His father was among the earliest of the American missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, and in 1848 was the Minister of Public Instruction. General Armstrong received his preliminary education in the public schools founded by his father and in Oahu College, Honolulu. His father died in 1860, and Armstrong came to this country and entered Williams College. He was graduated in 1862. Among his classmates were several, including the sons of President Mark Hopkins, who on leaving college entered the army. Several of them rose to distinction, but none obtained such prominence as General Armstrong. He went out as Captain, was taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, but rejoined the army in time to take part in the fight at Gettysburg, where he led a most gallant charge, being one of the most conspicuous of the minor officers on the field. He then became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninth United States Colored Infantry, and afterwards Colonel of the Eighth United States Colored Infantry. At the close of the war, immediately on Lee's surrender, he was made a Brigadier-General, and in 1865 was mustered out of the service. His relations with the colored troops apparently determined his life work for him. General Howard made him Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in 1866. He made his headquarters at Hampton, and remained there until the time of his death. He devoted his life and his splendid energies to building up an institution at which the children of both colored and Indian races have been educated. For some time only colored people were taught at the school, but subsequently Indians were placed there. General Armstrong worked constantly for the success of his institution, and had the satisfaction of seeing it grow into great prosperity. There seems to be nobody left to take his place. He was the soul and inspiration of the work, and had not only the affection of the children and young people who came under his care, but the veneration of the older people, especially of the colored race, who realized the noble work that he was doing for their offspring. During the days that elapsed between his death and the funeral there were many touching incidents of the love and respect which both the colored and Indian pupils felt for their benefactor. In the whole neighborhood around Hampton he was the most distinguished and beloved figure. The artillery battalion at Fort Monroe, under the command of Colonel Frank, did what probably has not been done in honor of the memory of any volunteer officer of the late war. Colonel Frank, himself a pall-bearer, paraded the whole battalion at the funeral. By his own request, General Armstrong was buried in a little graveyard on the grounds of the institute, in which lie the remains of a few of his old pupils. He rests there among Indians and negroes, to whose service he devoted his life.

ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL FRANK H. JONES.

THE President has now two Assistant Postmaster-Generals. On Wednesday, the 10th of May, he appointed as First Assistant Frank H. Jones, of Springfield, Illinois. Mr. Jones is another representative of the young and progressive Democrats whom Mr. Cleveland seems so pleased to call to his assistance in the administration of affairs of the government. He was born thirty-nine years ago, and was graduated at Yale College in the class of 1875. He then studied law, and has been a practising lawyer ever since his admission to the bar. His first appearance in politics was as a member of the General Assembly of Illinois. By the time of his election he had established a reputation for ability and force, and was recognized at once as one of the most prominent members of the Legislature. He was one of the leaders in the long struggle which resulted in the election of General John M. Palmer as United States Senator. During that struggle a hundred and one members of the Legislature stood firmly together for Palmer, and their firmness and unbroken ranks resulted in the success of their effort. Mr. Jones is the President of the League of Democratic Clubs of Illinois, and was a delegate to the last Democratic National Convention. He is known throughout the State as one of its best speakers, and he was selected to make the dedicatory oration of the Illinois State Building at the World's Fair on May 18th. Since the contests over the Senatorship ended, the Democrats of Illinois have come together, and there are now no factional politics, as there were when the Morrison and Palmer forces were arrayed against one another. The victory which Mr. Morrison won in the State for Grover Cleveland helped to bring about this result, the wisdom of the course being vindicated by Mr. Cleveland's success in the State at the general election. The Illinois State delegation, of which Mr. Jones was a member, was unanimously for Mr. Cleveland, although at one time it required the whole of Mr. Morrison's authority, strongly exerted through Mr. Cable, to keep the delegation from casting its vote for him. The result of this would have been, if the bargain contemplated had been carried out, that the snap delegation of New York would have also voted for Mr. Morrison. The importance of this effort can therefore be realized. In all these movements, as in all party movements that have taken place since Mr. Jones was admitted to the bar, he has borne his part, and sometimes his part has been conspicuous. The young men who Mr. Cleveland has appointed to conspicuous offices in Washington are recognized as exceptionally able. It is a common thing to hear it said that Mr. Cleveland has introduced more clever young men to the society of the capital than any of his predecessors, and among these young men it is expected that Mr. Jones will not be the least important.

THE NEW SURGEON-GENERAL.

DR. J. RUFUS TRYON, who has recently been appointed Surgeon-General of the Navy by President Cleveland, has a most enviable official and professional record. The fact that he was chosen over the heads of fourteen of his seniors only emphasizes the gentleman's eminent fitness for the position. Dr. Tryon is a New-Yorker, a resident of Coxsackie, which is his native town, and is fifty-six years old. He is a thoroughly educated physician, being a graduate of Union College and of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and having studied his profession some years abroad. In addition to this he had the advantage of a practical experience as a surgeon during the war of the rebellion, through which he served with the greatest credit to himself, first in the army and then in the navy. As naval surgeon he was with Farragut until the close of the war, and was in charge of the Naval Hospital at Pensacola, where he looked after those who had been wounded in the great admiral's fight in Mobile Bay.

Whatever Dr. Tryon has had to do he has done well. There never has been a time when he has not enjoyed the confidence of his superiors. He has been the hardest sort of a worker, never shrinking from any task which was laid upon him.

In the Naval Hospital at Boston after the close of the war, as assistant in the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy Department from 1866 to 1870, on special service of the most responsible kind, Dr. Tryon has met every requirement of every position which he has filled. Neither the perils of war nor the terrors of yellow fever, which he faced during his service at Pensacola, had the slightest power to turn him from the path of duty.

In the year 1884 he represented the navy at the International Medical Congress which met at Copenhagen, and the prominence which this gave him, like every distinction he has won, was simply the result of his own sterling qualities. Of course, a man with such a record could not fail to have the amplest testimony to his ability. P. J. Horwitz, Medical Director of the United States Navy, and ex-Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy Department, writes that, in his opinion, Dr. Tryon is "more competent to fill the office of Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery than any other officer on the active list of the Medical Corps of the Navy." This is not extravagant praise, for Dr. Tryon has moved forward in his profession with the most creditable rapidity.

The work that the gentleman has done has been of the utmost value. It is impossible in the brief space at our disposal to even catalogue his services, and it is pleasant to be able to record that this new honor which has come to him is a recognition which he has well earned.

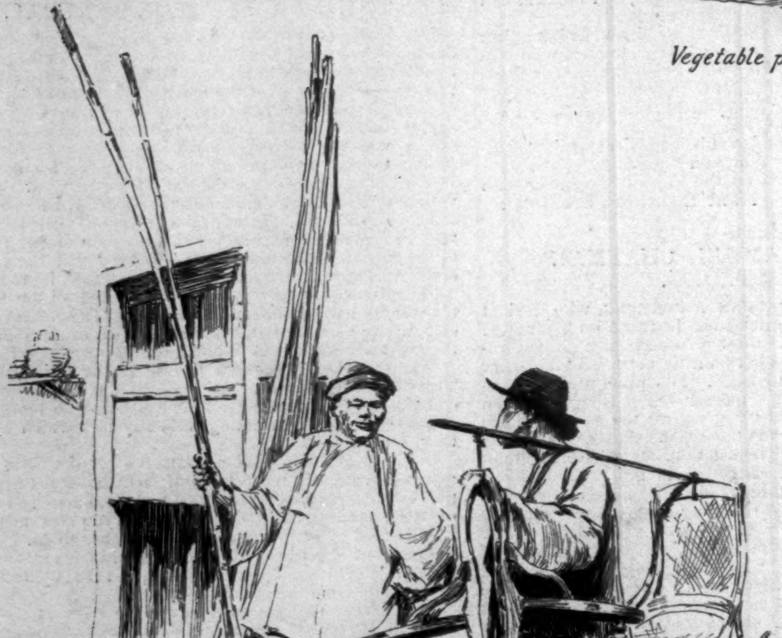
W. E. CHRISTIAN.

Soiled linen for the laundry

Peddler of household articles

Married woman

Vegetable peddler



Sugar cane vender and chair mender

A lady

AMONG THE CHINESE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.—DRAWN BY T. LANGGUTH.

THE INFANTA EULALIA.

THE HUSBAND OF THE INFANTA.

THE PRINCESS EULALIA.

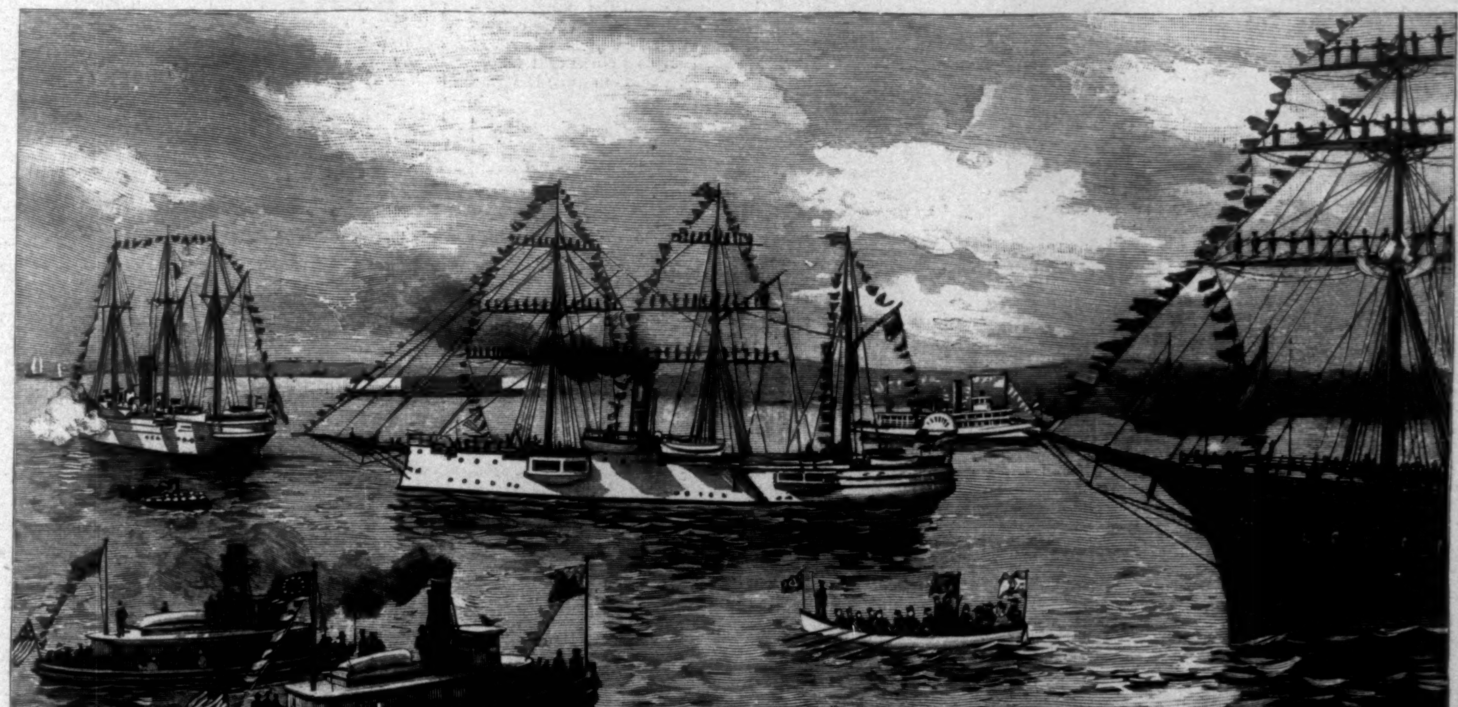
In order to assure ourselves that we are entertaining a very unusual guest we need only transcribe from the Almanach de Gotha the elaborate "descriptive list" of the Infanta Marie-Eulalie-Françoise d'Assise-Marguerite-Roberte-Isabelle-Françoise de Paule-Christine-Marie de la Piété, etc., Altesse Royale, born at Madrid February 12, 1864, married at Madrid March 6, 1886, to Antoine, Prince de Bourbon-Orléans, son of the Duc de Montpensier. This multitudinously named Princess is the first member of the royal family of Spain that has ever set foot upon any part of the New World that Columbus, according to the old inscription, gave to Castile and Leon, not only upon the continent, but upon the ever-faithful isle that, with Porto Rico, is the last remnant of those Spanish possessions that were originally held to comprise a hemisphere.

It was on Friday, May 19th, that the Princess set her foot upon the soil of the continent, having first set it constructively upon American soil in setting it upon the American "royal yacht," so to speak, the *Dolphin*, which was put at her disposal by the government. The faithful reporters have made mankind remark that that member was wetted in the course of the complicated transfer from the *Reina Maria Christina*, the crack passenger ship of the line between Spain and Mexico, which transfer was by stages in which the captain's gig of the *Infanta Isabel*, the Spanish man-of-war which has for some time lain in the harbor of New York, the Infanta Isabel herself, and the *Dolphin's* barge successively took part. The little accident was a direct result of Spanish etiquette. It seems that it would have been beneath the dignity of the Infanta of Spain to be brought into a foreign port except in a national vessel, and the gig that was to convey her from the safe and comfortable and stately but officially unrecognizable merchantman to the man-of-war was rather a crank craft, the crankness of which was increased by the fact that all the occupants were forced to stand up and balance themselves as best they might when the Infanta came on board. Given this artificial condition and the natural condition of such a little chop of a sea as often prevails in the bay of New York, the wetting was a natural enough result.

Spanish court etiquette had indeed been a considerable bugbear to the American official and unofficial mind for some time before the arrival of the Infanta. It had more or less vexed the Department of State, and it had loomed very large indeed upon the horizon of certain women of society in New York, who had projected a private-public ball to the Princess. A painful rumor, the genesis of which is difficult to trace, ascribed to the Spanish government a fixed determination not to let the Infanta land until the Spanish government had been assured that the call she made upon the President, in order to let him know that she was here, would be promptly returned by that functionary in person at the hotel honored by the Infanta. Inasmuch as this requirement was a requirement that the President should "pay a visit," which no President had officially done since the foundation of the government, it was not remarkable that it should have given rise to an extensive perturbation. This perturbation was allayed only upon the publication of an official despatch from Madrid declaring that inasmuch as the attachment of any conditions to the reception of the Spanish Infanta would be a reflection upon the courtesy and hospitality of the United States, the Spanish government had made no conditions, and would make none. In other words, the American government and people were left free to entertain the Spanish Princess in the American way. Whether the alleged imposition of conditions had proceeded from the excessive zeal and loyalty of some Spanish official on this side of the Atlantic, or whether it proceeded from the superheated imagination of an American Washington correspondent, is a question that is still open. But that the court etiquette of Spain, in its unabated rigor, would have subjected our official and unofficial hospitality to a cruel ordeal is sufficiently evinced by the little incident of the transfer from the Spanish merchantman to the Spanish man-of-war. That an Infanta should incur the risk of a wetting rather than a suspicion of disrespect is a proposition that recalls the legend of the Spanish king who was roasted to death because the proper functionary was not at hand to remove him from the fire.

Happily, the disposition of the Infanta herself and her cheerful willingness to be entertained in the manner that pleased her hosts have co-operated with the friendly disposition officially manifested by the Spanish government, and have removed a burden of anxiety from those women of America who had projected festivities in her honor. That the government had every desire to do her honor is quite manifest from the accounts of her sojourn thus far. Commander Davis welcomed her to the *Dolphin* on behalf of the government, and carried her and her suite to Jersey City (a proceeding the intrinsic inhospitality of which must be condoned in consideration of its necessity and its friendly intention), where a special train was waiting to convey her to Washington, where she was received at the station by the Secretary and Assistant Sec-

Dolphin. *Infanta Isabel.* *Reina Maria Christina.*



THE INFANTA ON HER WAY TO THE SPANISH MAN-OF-WAR IN NEW YORK BAY.

retary of State and the military representative of the President, and conveyed to her hotel in the President's carriage, escorted by four troops of cavalry. The next morning, by a call at the White House, she apprised the President that she was in the United States, and the Gordian knot tied by the diplomatists or the correspondents was cleverly untangled through the return of the visit within four hours by Mrs. Cleveland and the military representative of the President. Subsequent callers comprised nearly the whole diplomatic corps. The programme prepared for the Infanta in Washington included a special service on Sunday, at which the papal delegate was to officiate; a dinner on Monday, given by Mr. and Mrs. Curry, Mr. Curry having been Minister to Spain in Mr. Cleveland's first term; a state dinner on Tuesday at the White House, comprising, besides the Infanta and her party, the members of the cabinet and their wives, the Chief Justice and Mrs. Fuller, the senior Major-General of the army and Mrs. Schofield, and Senator Sherman, representing the Foreign Committee of the Senate, and members of the diplomatic corps; and a ball at the British Embassy on Wednesday. On Thursday she is to leave for New York, and on Friday to be the guest at a ball to be given in her honor at the Madison Square Garden. After what official welcome may be devised at Chicago, she proposes to take advantage of the convenient *incog.* to go as far West as the Yellowstone Park and to remain and travel in this country for a month or two. Her suite comprises, besides her husband, the Marchioness de Cerco Hermoso, her maid of honor, the Duke of Tamames, gentleman-in-waiting to their Highnesses, Señor Jour, their chamberlain, many attendants and servants, and the Zaragoza military band, which was left in New York during the excursion to Washington.

As might be supposed, the stay of the Infanta in Cuba was the occasion for exuberant demonstrations of loyalty on the part of the ever-faithful islanders. On the day after the arrival of the royal party a besamános or court levee was held at the palace of the Captain-General; the Spanish flag-ship and a German man-of-war in the harbor were visited. Other festivities were a ball given by the Countess of Fernandina, a garden party at the Captain-General's country-seat, a special performance at the theatre, and a bull-fight.

The Infanta Eulalia, aunt of the present king, was the favorite sister of his father, Alfonso XII., and is reported to be especially popular in Spain. Though a Spaniard, she has blue eyes and brown hair, and though the mother of two girls, aged six and four, she retains a girlish gracefulness of form and a girlish sprightliness of manner. She is an accomplished linguist, speaking English, French, and Italian as fluently as her own language.

MAY 30, 1893.

It seemed to be but chance, yet who shall say
That 'twas not part of Nature's own sweet way,

That on the field where once the cannon's breath
Lay many a hero cold and stark in death,

Some little children, in the after-years,
Had come to play among the grassy spears,

And, all unheeding, when their romp was done,
Had left a wreath of wild flow'rs over one

Who fought to save his country, and whose lot
It was to die unknown and rest forgot?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

INSIDE THE NEW MORMON TEMPLE.

BY EUGENE YOUNG, OF SALT LAKE CITY.*

On page 86 of the book of Doctrine and Covenants (which contains the revelations of Joseph Smith) it is announced that no person who is not properly baptized by a proper servant of God can attain the highest salvation in the world to come, and out of this has grown the temple-building propensity of the Mormon people. For they allege that within a few hundred years after the crucifixion the Holy Gospel was taken from the earth because men had gone astray from the truth, and that from then until the foundation of this Church there has been none on the earth authorized to administer the ordinance of baptism; and it thus happens that all who died during that time will not reach the highest salvation, as there has been no provision for administering the ordinance in the spirit world, it being another doctrine of the Church that whatever is recorded on earth shall be recorded in heaven, and what is not recorded on earth shall not be recorded in heaven.

In order to let those who have died without a knowledge of the gospel have an opportunity to embrace it in the other world—for Mormonism teaches that the gospel is preached to the spirits in prison on the other side of the veil—by a revelation of Joseph Smith we are told that the descendants of those who have died without such an opportunity may take the names of the dead and be baptized for them. And it being announced in another of the revelations of Joseph Smith that no baptism for the dead will be sufficient unless it is done in one of the temples erected to God, it is the ambition of the Mormons to build as many temples as possible, so this, to them, highly important work may be carried on.

The Mormons claim that this doctrine of baptism for the dead is not new by any means, and point to I. Corinthians, xv. 29, as well as to many other passages in the Bible and Book of Mormon, in support of their position. And coupled with this observance in their temples they have other ordinances administered therein calculated to draw the hearts of the fathers and children to each other, and also to solemnize celestial marriage, or union for time and eternity.

These being the purposes of temple-building, it can readily be understood why it is that the Mormons have undergone so many sacrifices to build them. This building, the Salt Lake Temple, in particular, has cost millions of dollars, and many of the zealous Mormons can say that they have undergone great hardships to contribute towards its completion.

Endeared to them because of the great work they are to perform in it, as well as because of the great difficulties they have overcome in building it, there can be little wonder that the whole Mormon people has long been looking forward to the completion of the building with a great deal of impatience, and that many have even kept themselves alive for a great many years to be present at its dedication. And the thousands of Mormons who flocked into Salt Lake City for the dedicatory ceremonies—which have now lasted two weeks, on account of the limited capacity of the building—attested the interest felt.

The outside of the Temple is sufficiently familiar to most well-informed persons to preclude the necessity of giving a description of it; but as only three or four hundred Gentiles, among whom was the writer, have been admitted to the building, which was on the day before its dedication, a description of the inside appointments and adornments may prove interesting.

The Gentiles who had the privilege of viewing the inside were taken in through the broad doorway in the west end of the building, and turning to the right, descended into the basement. The first room they entered, the font-room, is in the west end of the building, and contains the beautiful but massive font of marble and iron, which is upheld by twelve life-sized bronze oxen. The font is surrounded by a delicate iron railing, and is approached by a short flight of narrow marble steps. Small alcoves or closets lead off from the north side of the room, which contain marble bath-tubs, and are used for anointing with oil in the regular ordinances. The hangings and decorations of this room and the alcoves are rich but not showy.

Leaving this room, the procession entered a hallway which is a continuation of an underground passageway leading to the attendants' annex, a small building in the same yard, and leaving the hallway, passed into a large room in the northeast corner of the basement, in which are about one hundred and fifty opera-chairs. This room, which is perfectly plain, with the exception of an adornment in the shape of an ornamental water-tap with an onyx basin, is called the Creation Room, and here a person going through the ceremonies hears lectures on the creation of the earth, intended to prepare him for what is to come.

Passing out of this room into the southeast corner of the building, the visitors found themselves in a room intended to typify the earth as it was after the time of the creation, and at the placing of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The ceiling is painted to represent the sky, with sun, moon, and stars, and all that is peaceful in nature is represented on the side walls. Tropical plants and trees, wildly profuse yet in symmetrical order, are seen on every hand, while through the leaves one catches fleeting glimpses of richly plumed birds, and on the sward, feeding side by side, all kinds of animals. The blending of art and nature in the deep embrasures of the windows, where palms have been placed, and painted birds seem to be hovering over them, is truly exquisite. In here lectures are given by learned theologians on the fall, the room being fitted with seats.

From these beautiful surroundings the party proceeded by a richly carved cherry staircase to the first floor of the building. At the top of this staircase on the right hangs a picture of Jesus preaching to the Nephites on this continent—a scene taken from the Book of Mormon, the figures in which are thrown out in bold relief and are life-sized. But turning from this to the left, another room painted very much like the one through which they had just passed was entered. But though the resemblance to the Garden of Eden room presents itself at first, yet soon one sees that there is a marked difference in the character of the paintings that adorn the wall. Instead of an orderly arrangement of plants and trees, here are vast tangled forests, from whose dark depths rise hoary, craggy mountains, seamed and torn by the contending elements; and instead of placid rivers, there are rapids and waterfalls, while in all the animals a spirit of contention has taken the place of the spirit of peace. This room is intended to typify the earth after the introduction of sin, and also the condition of the terrestrial kingdom, and in it are given lectures on the fall and the present condition of mankind.

To explain the next room that the party passed into it is necessary to digress for a moment and state that in the Mormon system of salvation there are to be three kingdoms—the Celestial, Telestial, and Terrestrial, compared respectively to the sun, moon, and stars, the first of which is reserved for those who embrace the gospel on this earth and whose works are good, the second for those who embrace the gospel in the other world after their friends are baptized for them here, and the third for those who altogether refuse to accept the gospel; though there is some modification of this in the belief that men shall be judged by their works.

This much being premised, the symbolism of the next two rooms is easily understood, for the one we first enter is supposed to present to the eye a representation of the glory of the Telestial kingdom. Finished in white and gold, with rich hangings and costly upholstering, the effect is most chaste and harmonious. Several costly paintings hang on its walls, among which is one representing Joseph interpreting the butler's dream, and companion pictures representing respectively Jerusalem and the banks of the Dead Sea. Lectures on the heavenly state, in keeping with its character, are given here.

Passing through drooping silk damask curtains hanging from a fifty-foot arch, the party at last reached the most beautiful room in the building, the Celestial Room, intended to typify the glory of the highest kingdom in the hereafter as compared with the lower kingdom. If human art can present an idea of heaven, it must be presented in this part of the building, for an air of rest and comfort pervades the very atmosphere. The background, of warm terra-cotta brown, is relieved by hangings of the richest material and most exquisite shades of color, and also by eight massive and richly carved Greek columns, four each on the north and south sides, each of which ends in a niche for the bust of a prominent churchman, the busts of Brigham Young, Wilford Woodruff, now president of the Church, and George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, his counsellors, being already placed in four of these niches. Over the arch at the west end of the room is a figure of the Virgin in white, the work of a Utah sculptor; and two rich paintings hang at the east end, representing respectively the Hill Cumorah, where Joseph Smith is supposed to have found the plates of the Book of Mormon, and Adam-on-di-Ahman, a place in Missouri, where Adam is supposed to have built an altar when he was cast out of the Garden of Eden, it being a part of the Mormon belief that the Garden of Eden was on this continent. The roof, however, is the most beautiful part of the room, as bunches of fruits and flowers, naturally moulded and artistically painted, hang thereon in convergent lines, forming a satisfying picture for an æsthetic taste.

However, the beauties of the building are not yet ended. For the centre one of three alcoves leading off from the Celestial Room to the south is as beautifully fitted up. This is called the Sealing Room, and is used for the marriage ceremonies. It has a domelike roof, in which are set large circles of colored lenses, through which strong incandescent lights throw varied beams of color, and has many costly hangings and vases. The altar is rich, while the floor is of hard-wood blocks about an inch square.

Above this, on the next floor, are a number of rooms fitted up for the use of the different orders of the priesthood, and still further up, on the next floor, is the large assembly-room, fitted up elegantly, and having a seating capacity of about two thousand, one end of which has a stand for the Aaronic priesthood, the other for the Melchisedek or higher priesthood.

The Temple is fitted throughout with most costly electroliers, for it is lighted entirely with electricity. The heating is done by steam. Two large and costly elevators are in the west end of the building, but the broad granite staircases are not steep, and one therefore experiences little fatigue in passing through the structure.

There are many things to be seen in the building which cannot be described, because there is nothing they can be compared with, they are so entirely original. And then, too, there are sacred things that will be put in hereafter, and which are only to be seen by the initiate; but the foregoing will convey a good idea of the purposes and fittings of the building, at least sufficient to sweep away some erroneous ideas. The Temple, in all its massiveness outside and complete symbolism inside, is a fit monument to the faith and sincerity of the Mormon people, and those who cannot believe as the Mormons do at least give them credit for a willingness to do the commands of their ruler. Such magnificence as the great structure they have last reared presents cannot elsewhere be found in this new Western country, and it is a marvel one should be willing to travel far to see.

* A grandson of Brigham Young (son of his eldest son). Not a member of the Mormon Church.

THE PLAGUE SPOT OF EUROPE.

The "Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Étrangers," which in vulgar English means the company which runs the gambling-hell at Monte Carlo, held its general meeting recently, at which the business of the year was discussed.

The winnings of the fiscal year were 23,000,000 francs, or 1,000,000 more than for the previous year. The capital of the company is 30,000,000 francs, bearing 5 per cent. interest, the dividends, which are always declared in May, varying. Last May 165 francs were paid on each share, the total revenue of each share being 190 francs, or 38 per cent.

In each of the last six years 1,000,000 francs has been set aside as a reserve fund, which in 1913 will equal the capital of the company, and will then be paid back to the stockholders. In addition to this, the company will still possess all the buildings, gardens, and other realty. Each year the 1,250,000 francs paid him by the company for the privilege of carrying on their nefarious work in his province is applied by the present Prince of Monaco to the building of churches, schools, and hospitals. In addition, the company pays the entire cost of government of the province. The population has the schools free and pays no taxes, but has no part in public affairs. The company pays the theatre 250,000 francs yearly; the orchestra costs the same amount, and the pay-roll for officers and servants, among them 100 croupiers, foots up 1,500,000.

To the press is paid yearly 800,000 francs, one Paris paper alone receiving 75,000, others 25,000, and the provincial papers from 1000 to 10,000, according to their importance. Newspaper correspondents also, among them several Englishmen, stand on the list, paid not for what they write, but that they simply keep still. The company has also its "pensioners," people who have lost their whole fortunes in play, and receive support in proportion to the amount which they have lost. For example, one Englishman who lost 2,000,000 receives 40 francs a day, another 10, and others the same amount per week. Among the other expenses is that of the removal of the victims of play. The hotel bill is paid, a railroad ticket bought, and twenty or forty francs given them, according to the length of the journey. The entire expenses of the company are 11,250,000 francs yearly.

The number of suicides during the last year was five. These happened in the hall itself, the numerous other cases never coming to light. A young American, having lost his own fortune and that of his mother and sister, threw himself under the wheels of a railroad train. Two Americans from New Orleans shot themselves not long ago after they had lost 1,000,000 francs.

THIS BUSY WORLD

One of the gladdest of the glad sights of the cheerful latter end of May is the display of colored shirts in the haberdashers' windows. It is the instinct of man, as it is of nature, to bloom in the spring; and bloom he does, according to his means and opportunities. If he has a country-house with a garden he grows tulips and daffodils in quantities graduated to his leisure, or his ability to hire gardeners. If he lives in town and has no garden, his aspirations take shape in a gorgeous exuberance of blossom on his wife's and daughter's hats. And if he has no daughter and no wife, he buys a colored shirt and a pair of yellow shoes, gets a flower for his button-hole, and perhaps sends somebody a nosegay, and so keeps pace with the season and in sympathy with the Creator's works. It is a very poor man, in these days, who cannot treat his spring fever to an application of colored shirt.

That portion of the British public which relieves its feelings by letters to the *Times* has been bursting forth with voluminous vehemence over the case of a young lady student at University College, at Bangor, in North Wales. This young girl, described by her friends as of distinguished abilities and irreproachable character, was obliged, on grounds of economy, to leave the college boarding-house and take private lodgings near by. After which, the story goes, the matron of the boarding-house, Miss Hughes, discriminated against her, and insinuated that she was not a fit companion for girls of modest mind. Thereupon the young woman declared war on the matron, and demanded an investigation, at which the conclusion was reached that the matron was wrong. But somehow out of the altercation arose a squabble between nonconformists and Churchmen, which has contested valiantly with the home-rule bill for space to spread itself in the *Times*. The immediate result is that the matron, refusing to apologize, has lost the license of her establishment, and gained a squad of eloquent defenders, who are carrying on a vociferous combat with the friends of the girl.

In a circular sent out to Americans in his line of business the proprietor of Hakubunkwan announces his purpose to visit the Chicago fair. His name is Sahei Ohashi. He lives in Tokio, Japan. When he started on this tour of the world that he is now prosecuting, many hundred eminent men gave him dinners, a former Minister of Home Affairs in Japan provided him with letters to Japanese ministers in all countries, and Privy Councillor Count Katsu punctuated his departure with a poem. But really there was no need of dinners or letters or specially constructed poems to publish the merit of a person so able to speak for himself as Proprietor Ohashi. His own circular describes his Hakubunkwan as the head and front of all contemporary devices for diffusing knowledge throughout Japan. He tells us that it is the largest publisher and the largest advertiser in that country; that it has published complete libraries of all the more important branches of Chinese and Japanese literature; that it issues nine periodicals and fifteen serial publications, sending out an average of two new works a day, and a total of ten million copies of books and magazines in the course of the year. Moreover, it "publishes books and periodicals at such low prices that other publishers cannot compete with it," thereby establishing by the ultimate test its right to exist and the title of its proprietor to be received in all civilized countries with the distinction which undoubtedly awaits him. Any one who doubts the possession of Japan by the spirit of modern enterprise should read Proprietor Ohashi's description of his Hakubunkwan. If he is still unconvinced, he should try to meet the proprietor himself when he passes through New York.

If it is possible for an Infanta of Spain to have anything so merely human as a real good visit, the American people hope that Eulalia will have one all the time she is their guest. It was friendly and polite of her to come, and friendly and polite of Spain to send her. There seems to be much obscurity as to the proper manner of receiving her and showing her around, and there were some indications last week that the Administration was slightly rattled at the prospect. If anybody knows what ought to be done, it is to be hoped that he will place his information at the disposal of the government. The spirit which is fit to govern the occasion is simply that shown by the great Duke of Marlborough when he passed the butter to the King of Prussia. The great thing is to make the Infanta comfortable in body and mind. If it should turn out that she would not be comfortable at a hotel, it will be a simple matter to pitch a brand-new tent for her in Central Park; if she is used to have gentlemen stand on their heads in her august young presence, it is likely that President Cleveland will make such an approximation to that attitude as the restraints of republican manners will permit; if she needs a bull-fight to make her feel at home, there is abundance of beef in Chicago, and it will go hard with Buffalo William if he cannot manage to chase some of it around a ring. Any form of polite attention that Mrs. Sherwood can suggest or that Secretary Carlisle can issue bonds for ought to be shown to the Infanta. It is not every day that she gets an outing, and everybody will want this one to be so conducted that when she gets home she can lay her hand on her heart and assure her royal mother that she had a perfectly lovely time.

Collectors have begun to hunt for pieces of John Ruskin's poetry, and some scarce bits are already reported to be in their hands.

Dr. McAll of the McAll Mission is dead, General Armstrong of the Hampton (Virginia) school is dead, and Miss Frances Willard is reported to have broken down from overwork in England, and gone to Switzerland for her health. Doubtless Miss Willard will regain her strength in time, and be able to resume her labors as the chief of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She must learn, however, to be more temperate in her endeavors, and forego such orgies of protracted exertion as have now brought her low. Lady Henry Somerset, with whom she has been visiting for a year past, seems to have taken bad care of her, and must bear some of the responsibility for the absence of rum's most energetic foe from the Columbian Exhibition.

No doubt the McAll Mission will go on without Dr. McAll, and the Hampton school without General Armstrong, since their work was too thoroughly done to collapse as soon as the builders' hands were removed. They were remarkable men, fit to be considered together. Each saw an unoccupied field of missionary labor, and showed the way into it. Dr. McAll undertook the religious instruction of the godless Parisian, General Armstrong the education of the untutored freedman. Dr. McAll, being a Scotchman, was never conscious of the humorous absurdity of sending missionaries to the French; General Armstrong, being the son of missionaries to Hawaii, and used to seeing "natives" taught, was not appalled by the difficulties of educating negroes. Both of these pioneers did work of great value, and lived to see the utility of their efforts receive very general recognition. They must be classed with the limited number of truly successful men, who undertook what was worth while, and accomplished a respectable proportion of what they undertook.

The White City is to disappear after the fair, but not wholly. The memory of it will be left, as well as also a granite shaft to mark the spot where Phœbe Couzins fell.

The newspaper men in Chicago who have been writing about the fair and little else for the last six months, complain violently of the difficulty of writing endlessly on a single topic. Their fellows elsewhere begin to suffer from the same inconvenience. That is possibly the reason why the venerable discussion of the relative merit of "the United States is" and "the United States are" has broken out in some parts of this State. This month of May, when nothing but the fair, "goes" with much impetuosity, is as good a month for the discussion of such topics as one could wish. It gives rest and change to the editorial mind, and no one is the wiser.

The impending deposition of the Khan of Khelat for the murder of 3000 of his subjects, including five of his wives, offers an extra good chance for some one to write a companion poem to Lanigan's "Akoond of Swat." The right to introduce the line, "Where is he at?" in such a poem has already been preempted, but large possibilities of effective verification remain still unimproved. The obstacle to the job is the imperishable "Akoond" himself, who is like Kipling's "Danny Deever" in the curious quality that enables him to defy imitation through the same irresistible form and substance that invite it.

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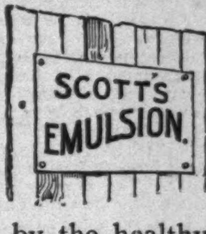

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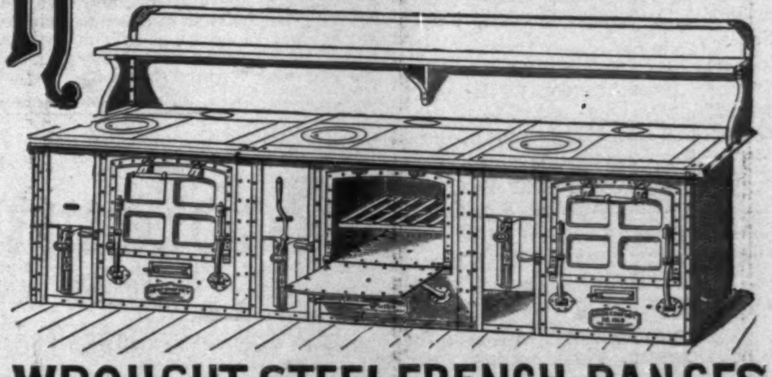

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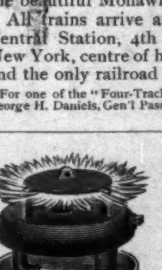

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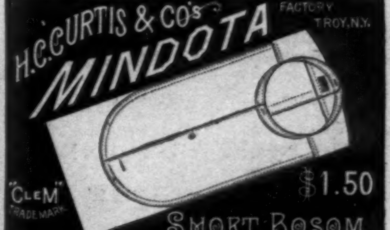

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THE SMALL BOY.

THE precise reason why naturalists have not given more study to the small boy is somewhat obscure. The exact and scientific knowledge which we possess of the small boy is found, when one looks into the subject, to be deplorably scattering and unsatisfactory. There is no department of scientific work more easy to begin than the study of the small boy, unless it be the study of woman. But the study of the small boy involves none of the dangers incident to that of woman. It is a melancholy spectacle to see a young scientist who started out with all the enthusiasm of youth to make a life study of woman meekly leading his first subject to the altar, thereby forever estopping himself from pursuing his investigations further. The number of studious young men who are thus the victims of their scientific zeal each year is something alarming.

But beyond the small physical danger of having an eye shot out by a bean-shooter, or some similar accident of a trivial nature, the investigator of the small boy runs little risk. And the field, as we have intimated, is practically unworked. The science of the small boy is to-day where the science of plants was when young Linnæus was tying up his shoes with bits of wire and combing his hair with his fingers at Upsala. No satisfactory classification of the small boy has ever been carried out. He is often, in the public mind, divided into the two classes of good and bad; but this is purely arbitrary and utterly unscientific, since no two persons would agree as to the line of demarcation between the two divisions, and two observers, given the same specimen to examine, would, as often as not, place it in opposite groups. Another objection to this plan, and the one which really shows its inherent weakness, is its complete break-down in the later development of the small boy; since it is no uncommon thing, but rather the reverse, to find the small boy who would be generally assigned to the bad class developed into an exemplary citizen, perhaps the pastor of a church or an active philanthropist, while another, who in youth would have been as unhesitatingly placed in the good class, surveys the world through the restraining bars of the county jail.

Another purely fanciful system of classification for the small boy which some one has suggested is based on the word he uses to designate his father. This plan is complicated, and while it may appeal to the theorist, and does certainly produce well-defined groups, nevertheless seems to have but small scientific basis. This would give us a large species of small boy, said to abound in the State of Missouri and adjacent territory, who calls his father "dad." Another far-reaching species, who calls his father "paw," seems to be a native of Illinois or Indiana. Nor must we forget those found in a state of nature in Pennsylvania who call him "pap," and the variety, with a somewhat uncertain habitat who pronounces it "pop." In this State we find the kind who calls his father "pa" very numerous, while in this city, among a great number of species, both native and exotic, there is a kind who refers to his father as "the governor," though this is probably only a domesticated variety of the wild species which speaks of him as "the old man." Then we have, too, the class, scattered almost everywhere, who use the word "papa"; and the peculiar variety, found throughout the New England States, and particularly abundant in the neighborhood of Boston, who never addresses his paternal parent by any less stately word than "father." But this system can never meet with any general favor, the fundamental objection to it being that it is based on a distinction for which the boy is in but a small way responsible. The New England infant transferred to the region of southern Indiana can be readily taught to call his father pop, poppy, popper, or paw.

Another system, which has been vaguely followed in some quarters, would divide the small boy into two classes, one of which wears his father's trousers with little or no alteration, and the other leather leggings. This, like the last, has no reason in nature; and a further weakness is found in the fact that in later life the former too amply betrousered boy frequently has to lend the one who was the leather-legging boy money so that he may have any trousers at all.

Perhaps a classification which would be at least better than any so far proposed would be one dividing the small boy into two grand divisions of those who like to go to school and those who do not. He falls readily into these classes, and environment appears to have but little to do with the distinction. The class who does not like to go to school would, of course, be much larger than the other everywhere except in Boston; and each species could easily be subdivided into many varieties, as, for instance, in the school-loving class, those who wear spectacles and those who do not, or those who show a special love for Greek and those who seem to take naturally to esoteric philosophy. Nor does this classification seem to fall to the ground so utterly in later life, since we then almost always find the small boy who did not like to go to school doing a rushing business, with the other acting as his clerk or operating his passenger-elevator. Our outline is crude, but it may furnish a hint for some investigator. It is time that more was known of the small boy.

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PILGRIM—IN THE FRAME.

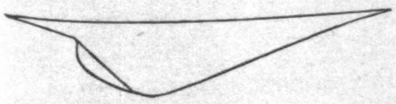
AMATEUR SPORT

THERE WILL BE MANY A LESSON given both American and English yachtsmen, and many a pet theory exploded, before the winner of the *America's* cup is declared. The little class of 21-footers last year showed the possibilities of fin and bulb keels, and the American designers have taken advantage of the demonstration in laying the lines of the cup-defenders. Englishmen have been steadily growing towards the American idea in the last few years of their yacht-designing. The *Volunteer* was a revelation to them of what a high-powered boat could do, and they have not been slow to take advantage of their American experience in the yachts they are building this year. Indeed, it truly looks as if they were attempting this year to fairly outdo us, for, by what may be deducted from the estimated lines of the British craft, they will have longer overhangs, deeper draught, and carry more canvas than ever before. With the exception of the *Pilgrim*, their yachts will draw more water than any one of our cup-defenders, and the spread of canvas they are to show will come very close to what is proposed on the American boats. In fact, this year marks an entire revolution in English yacht-designing that can be traced directly from the Yankee boats. Two of the British yachts will have 90-foot booms, and England has never seen such width of beam and such overhangs as her racing yachts will show this year.

THE AMERICAN CUP-DEFENDERS will undoubtedly represent the highest development of the racing-machine which has been growing upon us in the last three years, and the result will be all the more interesting because the designers of the several boats are not only the most prominent in this country, but also the boldest in carrying out radical changes. The trial races to decide the cup-defender will be quite as interesting as the final event, since it will be a test of the comparative merits of fin keels, true keels, and centreboards, each type from its most skilful designer. As this is a point on which every yachtsman has a different theory and a plausible argument, it will be instructive to have a practical result by the highest productions of the ablest architects. It looks as if this year would decide on the limits to which designers may go, and that there is point in the assumption is rather shown by the recent changes the *Navahoe* has undergone since her launching. Among others, the recent one of shortening her mast by three feet evidently means that she was not able to carry the tremendous spread of canvas that it was intended she should.

The lines of the boats given herewith have been drawn on the estimated dimensions, and make no pretence of being absolutely correct, but they do give a very good idea of the type of each boat. The lines of the British boats are according to the New York *Herald's* English correspondent.

OF THE THREE BRITISH BOATS, the *Calluna*, designed by William Fife, Jun., seems to excite the greatest amount of interest abroad. She is reported to look like a thoroughbred racer, and to be one of the handsomest boats the young Scotchman has ever turned out. She has a very sharp bow and a very graceful sheer. In her first trial she stood up well under a fairly good breeze, and went through the water with very little disturbance, leaving a clean wake. While the *Calluna's* boom is only 85 feet, being five feet shorter than those of the other English boats, and hollow like the others, she makes up her sail area by having a greater hoist. The estimated dimensions of the boat are: Length over all, 128 ft., water-line length, 85 ft., beam, 25 ft.; draught, 14 ft.; length of bowsprit, 19 ft. She has 70 tons of lead on her keel, and, as may be seen from the lines here given, she looks not unlike a great spoon in the water. The *Calluna* is Fife's first big boat, and he seems to have hit it just right. She has the most businesslike look of all of them, and English yachtsmen are generally inclined to believe that it will be this boat which will meet the *Navahoe* in the Cape May and Brenton Reef cup races. Her most noticeable difference from the others is in having the greatest width of beam at the rail, and consequently this makes her big above and small



CALLUNA.

under the water; besides all which she looks more like a boat than any of the others, and varies very much from the *Britannia*, *Valkyrie*, and any other vessel that Fife has ever designed. She has already challenged for the Cape May and Brenton Reef cups, which she is sure to win.

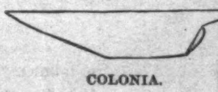
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUTTER *Britannia* has the largest sail and spar plan, and is the most powerful-looking one of the lot. While she has something of the appearance of the *Valkyrie*, yet she sets out of the water higher than Dunraven's boat, has a finer stern, and her lead keel of 80 tons is more of the bulb shape. She has a counter of nearly 30 feet, a strong bilge, and, as a matter of fact, looks as if she could stand up under a lot of canvas, but does not give one the impression of being so fast as the *Valkyrie*. She does not look so much the racer. Her estimated dimensions are. Length over all, 125 ft.; water-line length, 85 ft.; beam, 22 ft. 6 in.; draught, 15 ft.; boom, 90 ft.

The *Valkyrie*, which G. L. Watson has designed for Lord Dunraven, naturally creates the greatest amount of interest in America, since this is the boat with which England will make another attempt to wrest the *America's* Cup from us.

VALKYRIE.

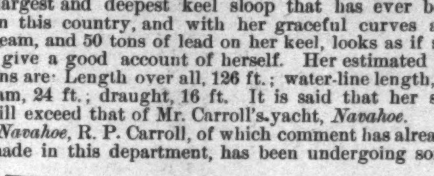
She is the most radical departure of all the English boats, with a spar and sail plan that takes away the breath of Englishmen. Her mast is stepped well forward, and the bowsprit is only 16 feet long. The boat has a long, finely drawn out body, and looks every inch a racer, and her driving power will be great. The estimated dimensions are: Length over all, 126 ft.; water-line length, 85 ft., beam, 22 ft. 6 in.; draught, 15 ft. 6 in.; boom, 90 ft.

OF THE AMERICAN BOATS THE COLONIA, built by Herreshoff for a syndicate headed by the well-known yachtsman Archibald Rogers, is the first of the cup-defenders to be put overboard. She is a typical Herreshoff boat, resembling the *Navahoe* and the *Wasp;* without being so deep in proportion as the latter, her bow is sharper, and her overhang is not so great as seen in the *Navahoe*. She is the largest and deepest keel sloop that has ever been built in this country, and with her graceful curves and wide beam, and 50 tons of lead on her keel, looks as if she would give a good account of herself. Her estimated dimensions are: Length over all, 126 ft.; water-line length, 85 ft.; beam, 24 ft.; draught, 16 ft. It is said that her sail plan will exceed that of Mr. Carroll's yacht, *Navahoe*.



COLONIA.

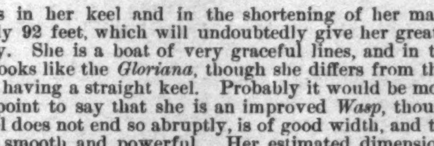
The *Navahoe*, R. P. Carroll, of which comment has already been made in this department, has been undergoing some



NAVAHOE.

changes in her keel and in the shortening of her mast, formerly 92 feet, which will undoubtedly give her greater stability. She is a boat of very graceful lines, and in the water looks like the *Gloriana*, though she differs from that boat in having a straight keel. Probably it would be more to the point to say that she is an improved *Wasp*, though her keel does not end so abruptly, is of good width, and the bow is smooth and powerful. Her estimated dimensions are: Length over all, 124 ft.; water-line length, 84 ft.; beam, 23 ft. 8 in., draught, 13 ft.; boom, 90 ft.

OF ALL THE BOATS BUILDING, *Pilgrim*, the Boston syndicate cup-defender, from the design of Stewart and Binney,



PILGRIM.

certainly excites the greatest amount of interest. It will be seen from the photograph of her taken in the yards that her lines are very easy and graceful, and that she ought to slip through the water very cleverly. The little sketch in this issue, from her estimated dimensions, will show what a departure she is from anything that has ever been attempted in so large a boat. Her length over all is said to be 120 ft.; water-line length, 85 ft.; beam, 23 ft.; hull draught, 5 ft.; depth of fin, 17 ft.; total draught, 22 ft. It will be seen from these figures that she has a greater draught than any other racing boat, and while having less length, has a beam nearly as wide as that of the *Navahoe*.

If the theory of greatest power on the smallest displacement is a good one, and it certainly sounds so, and if the fin keel, given a practical test in the 21-footers last year, is equally valuable to so large a boat, then the *Pilgrim* should be the success of the year. It is certain there will be nothing half-way about her performance. She must either be a big success or a complete failure. The great depth of her fin keel gives her as much stability on twenty tons of lead as does the seventy tons on the Herreshoff boats, and although on a number of tons less displacement she will have a greater sail area than the *Volunteer*, yet her spread of canvas will be less than that of any other one of the cup-defenders. The boat is steel throughout, and of a little heavier construction than the Herreshoff boats. So far as can be judged from the bare dimensions and estimated lines, the *Pilgrim* seems to commend herself as the most likely racing-machine of the year. With almost one hundred tons less displacement than any of the other cup-defenders, a small body under the water, and a good broad beam to heel on, she will slip through the water at an astonishing rate. But, at the same time, there remains to be proved how the fin idea is going to adapt itself to big boats.

Of the other cup-defenders building, little is known of the *Morgan*, except it is reported that she will have the biggest sail rig ever put on a single-sticker.

WITH ALL THE SECRECY which just now seems to be generally considered so essential to the building of a racer on either side of the ocean, it is refreshing to visit Lawley's yard at South Boston, where no yacht has yet been built in secret, and where the Paine boat, fair to look upon, both as to form and workmanship, has grown in the open. Unnecessary resistance has been cut down to the lowest possible limits without the sacrifice of power, and she will be fitted with every device that human ingenuity can contrive to give power and close-windedness. She is an enlargement of the twenty-one-footer *Freak*, with such improvements as were suggested by last season's racing in a class embracing the fastest boats ever built. In this class, *Freak*, the highest-powered fin keel, was easily superior to all except *Alpha*, the lowest-powered centreboard boat, and *Freak* and *Alpha* were quite evenly matched. But *Alpha* was in the water a long time earlier, and was better handled than the other boats, and had this advantage, which would not work in the large boats, that her ballast, being almost entirely of live weight, could be changed and trimmed as occasion required, an advantage which was of great benefit.

The Paine cup-defender shows the results of the twenty-one-foot class—an enlarged and improved *Freak*, with finer lines, with the deep bulb fin keel, but with a centreboard throughout, and a second centreboard forward of the fin to give a better grip in light breezes, with great power and large sail spread and small resistance.

Theoretically the Boston boats should be faster than the Bristol creations, but it must be admitted that practical results sometimes overturn theories. It has been stated on good authority that the Herreshoffs have come to the conclusion, after due experiments, that an out-and-out bulb fin keel in the large class is unlikely to prove successful. This may be; but if so near an approach as the *Wasp* can be so successful, it would seem that a further step in the same direction might be taken to advantage. The fin keel, being entirely independent of the hull, can be so easily moved that any desired change in the lateral plane or in lead can be easily made, and that alterations are sometimes necessary is evident from those made even at Bristol.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS to be decided on Manhattan Field May 27th do not promise so many noteworthy individual performances as have the ones of the last two or three years. At the same time the general excellence of the contests is very likely to be superior; and as there are, moreover, one or two stars, it is quite possible that in their particular events we may see some record-breaking. Running over the entries, it looks as though the mile run, the mile walk, and the hammer are the only events in which new records may be made, and it will be only with a fast track and a fair day, and the men in the pink of condition, that the walk and the mile-run records will be touched. The hammer record is of course sure to go, for Hickok, Yale, has already made a world's record of 112 ft. 9 in. with a wire handle, and a collegiate record of 111 ft. 11¾ in. with a wooden handle, and the present Intercollegiate record, made by J. R. Finlay, of Harvard, '91, is only 107 ft. 7½ in. As for the walk, it depends entirely on Borcherling of Princeton whether he betters his own performance of last year, when he placed the Intercollegiate record at 6 min. 52⅘ sec. It is doubtful if he does so, for last year Collis of Columbia pushed him, and this year there seems to be no one who can walk fast enough to make Borcherling extend himself. If C. O. Wells's, Amherst, record of 4 min. 33¾ sec. in the mile run is to be lowered, Yale's new man, Morgan, will be the one to do it; that is, unless some small college produces a wonder on the day, and, if there are any such, they have been kept very quiet. Morgan has shown on the several occasions this year when he has run that in his best form he is superior to any other college athlete on the track. In the Harvard-Yale games, when he made his final effort, he had no difficulty whatever in running away from Harvard's best men. In this race, on a very bad day and a heavy track, he made the excellent time of 4 min. 35⅖ sec., and, should the day be auspicious next Saturday, it seems as if he could do the two or three seconds better that are needed to give him a record.

THE GREAT NUMBER OF 823 ENTRIES this year foreshadows a tedious afternoon. The entries in these championships

have, in the last few years, altogether outgrown the facilities for handling them, and the standard of management has by no means kept pace with the growth. This department, after the championships last year, warned the executive committee of the Association that, unless much improvement was made, these games would drag out to a wearisome length. The entries last year showed that the most necessary reform was needed in weeding out the athletes. There were dozens of men who had no more chance of scoring than they had of arousing the interest of the spectators. Half of the entries were really handicap men, and simply took up time and detracted very much from the general interest. As an instance, there were men in the broad jump who could not do over 18 ft. It seems the height of absurdity to permit so many mediocre athletes to enter at all. Of the 823 entries this year there are probably 500 outclassed. It seems to have grown to be the thing, in the last year or two, for colleges to vie with one another in the number of entries made, and instead of picking out and sending only men who really have a chance of doing anything, they gather up by handfuls all the men who have worn a spiked shoe.

Of the entries this year Yale sends 82; Harvard, 78; College of the City of New York, 68; University of Pennsylvania, 67; Princeton, 58; Columbia, 56; University of New York, 56; Amherst, 48; Swarthmore, 43; Georgetown, 43; Cornell, 40; Union, 34; Brown, 29; Fordham, 24; Stevens, 24; Wesleyan, 20; Lehigh, 13; Rutgers, 11; Williams, 9; and Trinity, 3. To be sure, this large showing, and from institutions that have been practically unknown in athletics, makes a very striking illustration of the development that has been brought about in college athletics in the last year or two; but while it is very gratifying to know that these universities are building up, it is no reason why they should attempt to publish the fact by sending a large number of men to this annual contest who have no chance whatever of even winning a heat.

Men should not be entered in these games unless they are in championship form, and the one way to decide that is for the Intercollegiate Athletic Association to fix a standard, and to prescribe that no entries be received unless they have reached that standard. An arrangement of this sort would give athletics at the different colleges a greater impetus than at present, for the reason that with a fixed standard it would be necessary every spring to decide on worthy representatives for the Intercollegiate championships, and this would excite competition, and the result would be 10 or 12 men chosen, instead of 40 or 50. Managers of athletic games never seem to grasp the true secret of making an afternoon's sport successful. It is summed up in the word "despatch," and the only association that apparently appreciates it is the Seventh Regiment Athletic Association. Although the individual performance of their entries are not brilliant, the games held in the armory annually are the most interesting of the winter season, simply because the programme is carried out promptly, and without vexatious delay. The college championships for the last couple of years have dragged on till 7.30, or even as late as eight o'clock in the evening, and it wears people out; 75 per cent. of the spectators who attend athletic games are interested more in the individuals than they are in the general performance, and it bores them to a degree to sit through the usually long-drawn-out programme. There is no reason whatever why these championships could not be over by five o'clock, but the only way to attain such a result is to confine the entries to men who have license to compete, and not take up time with endless trial heats between men who are not even good second class.

Another matter that should have the consideration not only of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, but of every college association that holds games, is the costume of the entries. Last year there were seen some very queer conceits from the smaller colleges, such as star-spangled trunks with tights, and the less gaudy home-manufactured articles. Under-shirts, and trousers cut short at the knee, may be *de rigueur* in games "up country," but they are decidedly out of place in the Intercollegiate championships.

Still another point for action is the wearing of club emblems by athletes in strictly college meetings. The club emblem and the college colors do not harmonize at such times.

Bearing in mind the number of winners both Harvard and Yale have lost since last year, a casual glance over the entries suggests that this is Yale's year to win the cup; but a careful going over of each event and the most likely winners does not bear out the first impression. Last year Harvard scored 48 points; Yale, 38; Columbia, 14; and Princeton, 10. This year it looks as though from five to eight points would again separate Harvard and Yale, with Harvard still in the lead, Princeton third, University of Pennsylvania fourth, and Columbia last. With the large number of entries and the quantities of unknown men coming from the smaller colleges, it would be strange indeed if some one of them does not spring a surprise and make an upset in the calculations; and there is so little difference between Harvard and Yale that it would not take very much to change the complexion of the result.

In discussing the probable winners in these events, it should be borne in mind that only an athlete's public performance can be taken as a basis, and every championship has shown that the consistent performers are in the minority. If Swain of Princeton is in condition this year, he should win the 100 yards; he has made faster time than any other of the entries, but he has not been in very good shape all the spring. Assuming, however, that he is in form, he should secure five points for Princeton, and Harding of Columbia, if he runs, should take second. Ramsdell of the U. of P. will be a disturbing factor in general calculations if he runs, as he is likely to do, in this event. He has done $.10\frac{1}{5}$, and in the 220, $.22\frac{1}{5}$. It is possible he may reserve himself entirely for the broad jump, but not probable, and should he happen to be in prime condition he will come very near taking the 100. Both Swain and Harding will have to be at their best to lead him, and if they do not, the points he secures will very likely put Pennsylvania ahead of Princeton in the final score. This will be an uncertain event, for between Swain, Harding, and Ramsdell there is little to choose—though they should, in form, finish in order named. If Harding does not run in the sprints, and confines himself to the hurdles, Harvard, with Lefurgey, should get third. Richards has shown that he is very strong for 100, and with such a well-known trainer for sprinters as Murphy it is not improbable that he may show up on the 27th much faster than he has heretofore, and secure unlooked-for points for Yale. Cornell has Craft, who finished third last year to Yale's two great sprinters, Swayne and Allen; but his chance of scoring depends on the form of the others. The condition of Swain in this event will change the points considerably. Princeton has another likely man, F. W. Allen, who has done $.9\frac{4}{5}$ from the 5-yard mark, and U. of P. has Buckholtz, $.10\frac{4}{5}$; and Cornell, Belknap, $.10\frac{1}{5}$.

In the 220 Merrill has shown form that entitles him to be placed first. He has done $22\frac{1}{5}$ sec., and he is a very strong runner and a consistent performer. He is a man who can always be relied on. He has done faster work than Swain or Ramsdell in this event, and he ought to beat them, though Swain should take second place, and Ramsdell, and Richards of Yale, will fight out third, unless Thompson of Harvard should run, and in that case Harvard might get an extra point. If Swain is not in good condition in this, Richards will be sure to beat him out, but, by all rights, the Princeton man should get second. Ramsdell will hardly risk hurting his broad jump by running two hard heats in this. He will probably confine his sprinting to the 100. With Merrill, Bingham, and Pinkham, Harvard ought to get seven points in the 440. Yale has Bennett and Chubb, and Princeton has Brokaw. Turner of Princeton may run in this event, as he did last year, but he will make a very great mistake if he does, for it is doubtful if he could win it, and, in any event, it will be a hard, killing race that would jeopard his chances in the half-mile. The U. of P. has Freeman, but he has not shown form equal to these others, and Cornell has Shaw, who has done $51\frac{1}{5}$ sec., and it is not improbable that he, together with Brokaw of Princeton, will make a race for the third place. If Merrill and Bingham run as they did in the Harvard-Yale games they should finish one, two. Charlie Brewer, of Harvard, must be taken into consideration, if he competes. Whether he will be put in the 220 or the 440 only trainer Lathrop knows, but it may be safely asserted that in whatever event he does run he will be a dangerous man, though he has been laid up this spring.

Turner of Princeton, unless some unforeseen accident happens, should certainly win the half-mile—he has been invincible ever since Walter Dohm retired—and Corbin of Harvard should take second. He secured that place last year to Turner, when the former did $1.59\frac{4}{5}$, and the latter has beaten that time by two-fifths of a second this season so far. Scoville of Yale will be kept busy in getting third place, as Lakin and Hubbell of Harvard are about as good as he, and Cornell has Rulison, who has done $2.04\frac{4}{5}$. Lakin's time is about the same, and Scoville's is a couple of seconds slower. U. of P. has Kelsey and Large, 2.04 and 2.05 respectively. Columbia had a promising novice last year in Kingsley, but this company is too fast for him.

Yale will take five points in the mile run with Morgan, and Harvard will probably take the other three with Fenton and Blake. Princeton has Caton, who has done $4.31\frac{4}{5}$ from the 110-yard mark, and Columbia has Whitney, who is hardly strong enough to hold the first three men. He has been doing some half-mile work this year, but if he goes into that event he will be outclassed. He is not a strong man, and not able to stand the pace the others would set.

The walk is a sure thing for Borcherling of Princeton, who has a record of $6.52\frac{4}{5}$, and Endicott of Harvard and Wight of Yale will fight out the second place, with the chances in favor of the former. If Endicott is as strong as he was at the Harvard-Yale games, he should surely win two points for his college (though Wight recently did a quarter in 1.36), while Bardeen of Harvard and Ottley of Princeton will keep the Yale man moving to hold the third place. Bardeen won third last year, and Ottley has improved until he is good for about 7.05 or 7.06.

Columbia will probably reserve Harding for both hurdles. If he is in any kind of form he ought to win the 120. He secured that event last year in 16 seconds. Lyman of Yale and Shead of Harvard will fight out the second place, and the Yale man should be the favorite, as he is stronger and in better condition. Cornell has Whittemore, who has done $16\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, and he will make a hard fight for third.

In the low hurdles Harding should also get first, since he ran second to Fearing last year in $25\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. His most dangerous rival will be Garcelon of Harvard, who has shown great ability in negotiating the sticks, and has a record of $26\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. Eaton of Yale has been sick, but if he is in condition he will be apt to make a very strong fight for the second place. If he does run it will be a very close thing between him and Garcelon, and if he does not, Yale will have Van Ingen for third place.

The bicycle is a very uncertain event, and is likely to make a material upset in calculations. The Harvard-Yale games showed that Harvard's old men, Pratt and Davis, were not invincible, for Glenny and Parmelee both crossed the line before them in $5.48\frac{4}{5}$. Since then Osgood of the U. of P. has ridden the distance in 5.28, while Coates has done 5.36. The unexpected generally happens in this race, a collision letting in some man who had not been considered at all. If everything goes well, however, Osgood ought to win, with one of the Yale men second, and the rest of them fighting for the other point. Princeton has Grandin, but he has not shown form equal to the others.

The high jump seems to belong to the U. of P. with Leslie, who has cleared 6 ft. 1 in.; and Sheldon of Yale should win the second place, for he has done better than any of the others. Fearing of Harvard will probably not compete; he showed recently that training on the crew does make great difference in his form. Harvard's best man will be Sherwin, who, although recently laid up with an injured knee, ought to be able to take third place if he does not take second. None of the other colleges seem to have any men of note in this event.

In the broad jump there is going to be a great contest between Ramsdell of the U. of P. and Bloss of Harvard. The former has done 22 ft. 6 in., and Bloss did 22 ft. 4 in. recently. Sheldon of Yale did 22 ft. 2 in. the other day. Buckholtz, U. of P., has done 21 ft. 5 in., and Rubenack, also of U. of P., 21 ft. Shead of Harvard will hardly be able to win a place in this if he runs in the hurdles; he is not strong enough. Ramsdell should win, with Bloss second, but both men are very uncertain performers, especially the latter, and it would not be at all surprising if Sheldon, who is more consistent, should carry off the event. This state of affairs would also change the result of the total score. In fact, all the possible changes in results seem to be in favor of Yale, and if the blue should have good luck in these upsets, it would not take very many of them to make up the difference that exists now on paper.

The pole vault also seems to belong to the U. of P., as Buckholtz has a record of 11 ft., and has been doing 10 ft. 6 in. without any difficulty. Cartwright of Yale did 10 ft. 6 in. at the Harvard-Yale games, and is certainly good for second, if not first, since he failed at 11 ft. by only a narrow margin. Wheelwright of Harvard did 10 ft. 3 in., and Sherwin has done better than that; but it is not likely that he will do so well this year with an injured knee, if he competes at all. On public form, Pennsylvania should win this event, but it is such an uncertain game that their position is by no means safe.

First in the hammer should go to Yale, with Hickok, and Hall of Princeton, who has thrown near 100 feet, ought to take second; but he will have to throw up to his best figures in order to do so, for Cross of Yale is said to have recently done 100 feet, Taylor of Princeton is credited with doing 90 feet, and Acton of Harvard is said to be good for about 88, and Knipe, U. of P., 89 feet.

In the shot, if Shea does as well as he has been doing lately, he should make five points for Harvard, and Hickok should take second for Yale, with Hall and Beveridge of Princeton striving for the last place. The Pennsylvania man, Knipe, of football fame, is said to have done 40 feet, and is, therefore, a dangerous rival in this event. If he should happen to win first place it would make a very serious change in Harvard's points, but if Shea is out of shape, and Hickok should win, it would be equally as bad for the crimson.

It looks as if Pennsylvania was going to be a disturbing element in scores. On public form they should get fourth with about 15 points, but if their entries do all that is expected of them, they are likely not only to go ahead of Princeton, but put Yale ahead of Harvard. The sprints will cut a prominent figure in the general results, and the U. of P. men will be closely watched.

Following the college championships will come the Decoration day games of the New Jersey Athletic Club, which promise good sport, judging from the quality of entries and the special features on the programme.

The N. J. A. C. occupies an unique position in this vicinity. Without furnishing its athletes with board, washing, and lodging, as have some of its larger rivals, it has nevertheless not only retained its members, but increased. Some of the present champions were developed on its grounds, and subsequently fell victims to the tempting lure of other clubs with larger bank accounts and less sportsmanship, but the N. J. A. C. has continued to thrive just the same. Its games are always interesting, and it has one of the most picturesquely located athletic fields in the country. The particularly good feature of the coming Carnival of Sports is a relay mile race between teams of four (each man to run a quarter) from Princeton, Harvard, and Yale. Aside from this, champion high-jumper Sweeney is going to attempt to break his own, the world's record.

The American Hunt and Pony Racing Association opened its racing season at Washington on May 11th under most favorable circumstances. The weather was all that could be desired, the track in perfect condition, and the entries numerous in all the races. Over thirty stables were represented, and the class of horses a decided advance on those seen heretofore. A three days' meeting, with six races each day, a year or two ago would have been considered an impossibility, and the fact that this one was a success shows distinctly that the A. H. & P. R. A. has passed from the list of ventures on to that of established prosperity. There was little to criticise save the scratching, and of this there was too much entirely, particularly on the first day, when every one seemed waiting for a soft place in the handicaps to follow. The delay at the post was slight, and the jockeys, both amateur and professional, got out on much better time than usual. The starter, Colonel Sherlock Swan, gave great satisfaction, and he is a decided addition to the strength of the association.

The handicapping was also fairly satisfactory, and many of the finishes close and exciting. As the number of dates claimed this year insures almost continuous racing, the association was fortunate in having its opening meeting in every way a model one, and if the committee will insist on the standard being kept up, they may rest assured the sport they represent will rapidly advance in popular favor.

The man whom Captain Ives would like to see in New Haven just at present is Al Cowles, and for the reason that he is as clever as any of Yale's coaches on the subject of rigging. It is becoming a question of very careful rigging to get Messler and Van Huyck where they can get their power on with the rest, and at a physical advantage. Cowles can do this if any man can, and meantime Hartwell is giving them the best coaching a Yale crew has had for years. Under his steady hammering the old faults have become less noticeable. The oars on the port side are now well together, save that of No. 6, which is still higher off the water than any other oar in the boat. The men swing together better and have the recover under control, but seem to be turning the blades under water at the finish instead of lifting them out before turning. Cook has been up again, and is evidently taking plenty of interest in this year's men, which speaks well for their chances. Meantime, any one who picks up the Freshmen crew for "chumps" is likely to make a mistake. They are big fellows, it is true, but not hulking nor clumsy as such men are apt to be, and Captain Cross will have some good ones with him.

Changes in the Harvard nine have been necessitated by Hovey's retirement. Captain Frothingham has moved into his old position at second, and he will fill it creditably, though probably not cover so much ground as Hovey. This leaves right-field open, which Upton and Mason, with catcher's position, will likely take between them. Mason led the team in batting last year, and Upton has been doing wonderful work with the stick this year. It was his home-run in the eighth inning that made a tie out of defeat in the last Brown game. The batting of either will place him ahead of Corbett for right-field. Abbott has been put on third and Cook in left. Abbott is doing well, and if he continues, the change will be permanent, in which case Cook will have to do better than he has so far to get left-field, as either Browne, Hayes, or Winslow, of the Freshman team, all of whom have been batting heavily, could fill the place creditably. Colonel Sam Winslow coached the team a few days last week in batting, the principles of which he has made a study, and the benefit is expected to be seen in Harvard's next game.

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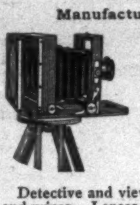

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